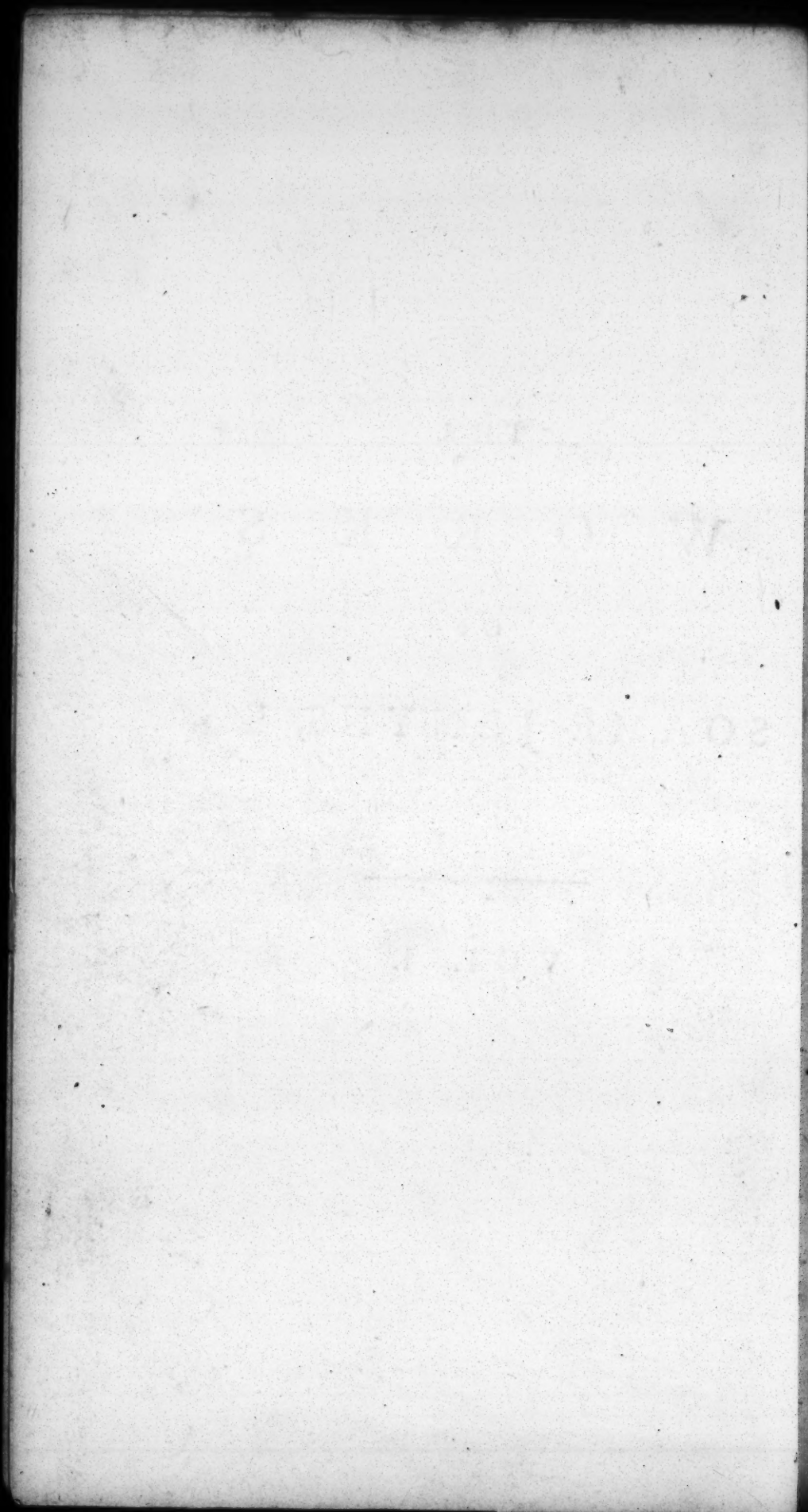


3 Id

2

THE
W O R K S
OF
SOAME JENYNS, Esq.

VOL. I.



THE
WORKS
OF
SOAME JENYNS, Esq. *K.*
IN FOUR VOLUMES.

INCLUDING SEVERAL PIECES
NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED.

TO WHICH ARE PREFIXED,
SHORT SKETCHES OF THE HISTORY OF
THE AUTHOR'S FAMILY,
AND ALSO OF HIS LIFE;

By CHARLES NALSON COLE, Esq.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR T. CADELL, IN THE STRAND.

M.DCC.XC.

2



TO

WILLIAM HEBERDEN, M.D.

DEDICATIONS in general
are so many sacrifices of
praise, laid upon an altar
erected for him to whom they
are offered, at the expence of
truth, one of the most amiable
virtues. All the excellencies of
human nature, which form the
characteristic differences between

VOL. I.

a

good

ii DEDICATION.

good and bad men, are indiscriminately consigned to him to whose honor the rite is performed. Hence a sad reverse of characters is handed down to posterity; and those, the remembrance of whom should have ended with their lives, stand recorded in their deaths as the distinguished actors, as well as patrons, of all that is praise-worthy.

I know, Sir, that you, as well as myself, condemn such sacrifices, and those who offer them.

After

DEDICATION. iii

After this declaration of the sense I entertain of the general addresses of this sort, I found myself under no difficulty in applying to you, THE FRIEND OF HUMAN NATURE, for permission to send into the world, under the sanction of your name, the works of an author, who, through life, had a strict claim to that character; and whose substitute, since his death, you are in some sort become, by the alliance of one of your family with that person whom, by the last solemn act of

iv DEDICATION.

his life, he appointed his representative.

Give me leave to acknowledge the sense I entertain of your kindness, in granting me this permission, since it satisfies my feelings as to the execution of the trust committed to me by the author, of collecting and superintending the publication of all his works ; by warranting me to do that, which, could he have foreknown, would have had the sanction of his highest approbation.

Having

DEDICATION. v

Having thus far discharged the trust reposed in me by the author, I cannot satisfy, so far as is in my power, a debt of gratitude I owe to you, without availing myself of this opportunity to declare publicly (and that, I trust, not without an honest and becoming pride) how much I am bound to you for the kind and uninterrupted friendship with which you have been pleased to favour me thro' a very long course of years; an obligation which hath been

a 3 extended

vi DEDICATION.

extended to such a length, by your constant and affectionate watchfulness over a constitution, the existence of which, under Providence, your great professional knowledge and experience have prolonged far beyond that period, which, from the infirmities long attending it, could ever have been expected, or hoped for, by

DEAR SIR,

Your sincere,

Affectionate,

And obliged,

CHARLES NALSON COLE.

Lincoln's Inn Fields,

Feb. 1, 1790.

P R E F A C E.

WHEN the amiable author of these volumes, by one of the last acts of his life, bequeathed to me all the copy-rights of what he had published, and consigned to my care the literary papers which he left behind him, with a desire that I would collect together and superintend the publication of all his works, I considered this trust as a mark of his confidence, of which, after a friendship between us for near half a century, he thought me deserving. Impressed with this sentiment, from gratitude I undertook the trust with great pleasure ; in the execution of which, as far as I could, I have acted

viii P R E F A C E.

precisely in the same manner in which he would have done himself, had he lived, as there is reason to believe, from the remembrance I have of many conversations I had with him on this subject.

The poems written in the early part of his life were printed and published separately, in different sizes, few or none of which are now to be met with; many of them were afterwards, from time to time, collected and printed together, by editors of fugitive pieces, and monthly or annual collections.

Mr. Doddsley made a large and judicious collection of works of this kind, and in his miscellany of poems will be found more of these poems than in any other of the same sort.

Three editions of his works were
printed

printed during his life, increasing in size from time to time, as detached pieces, published in the intervals, were always added to the new edition. The first was printed in a thin small octavo; the second, in two small volumes octavo; and the third and last was printed in the year 1770, in one large octavo volume, containing much more than either of the former. The name of the author was not put to either of these editions; but the several title-pages of the first and last contain an urn filled with flowers, round which a wreath is entwined, charged with the motto to his arms, "*Ignavis nunquam.*" I have collected together all his detached publications since the year 1770, and added them to those contained in the edition of that year. On searching his papers,
large

large as the collection is which he left behind him, I found not any amongst them which, I believe, he would ever have published had he lived, or ever designed for publication after his death; and except some short Poems, an Essay on the National Debt, and some cursory observations on several passages in the New Testament, there is nothing more in this than what is contained in the last edition. I have added here and there, at the beginning of some of his poems, a short note, to which, in general, though not always, is affixed the letter E. The notes to his prose works are all added by himself.

To this volume is prefixed a short account of the author's family, and some sketches of his life and character,

ter, which have no pretence to any merit but that which is due to truth; for they contain few or no *anecdotes*, and are written in a stile in which the *melliti verborum globuli, vibrantes sententiolæ*, so much admired in the works of some modern authors, will be found to have no place.

If the reader be not tired, and lay the sketches aside before he arrives at the end, which, short as the journey thro' them is, peradventure may happen, he will there find an extract from the book in which are registered the burials in the parish of Bottissham, which may make him amends for the patience he hath shewn, and the sufferings he may have undergone. He will there be presented with a copy of an entry made in that book, by the Reverend William Lort Mansell, A. M. who for some years before
had

had been, and was then in possession of that vicarage as sequestrator, and was Fellow of Trinity College Cambridge.

He is public orator of that University, in the discharge of which character he eminently excels; and hath shewn, by what he inserted in the registry, not only his liberal anxiety to do justice to merit, but his abilities to do it in the most elegant manner.

SKETCHES

S K E T C H E S

OF THE

L I F E

O F

SOAME JENYNS, Esq.

WITH A

SHORT ACCOUNT OF HIS FAMILY.

o
l
c
f
f
f

fo
an
li
“
“
“
“
cu
fa
tic
fel
th
ch
tri

S K E T C H E S, &c.

SOAME JENYNS, Esq. the author of these volumes, was born at twelve* o'clock at night, in Great Ormond-street, in London, in the year 170 $\frac{1}{4}$. His father, Sir Roger Jenyns, Knt. was descended from the ancient and respectable family

* The hour of his birth he often mentioned, sometimes adding, that, if it were difficult to answer the question proposed in Aulus Gellius, lib. iii. cap. 2. "*Quæri solitum est, qui noctis hora tertia, quartave, five qua alia nati sunt, uter dies natalis haberi appellarique debeat, isne quem nox ea consecuta est, an qui dies noctem consecutus est,*" it was still more difficult to ascertain the day of his birth; and he added farther, in his pleasant manner, that as that question had not been determined, he considered himself at liberty to choose his birth-day, and preferring the birth of the year to the day of its death, he had chosen New Year's Day, which in all civilized countries, was celebrated as a day of general festivity. He

family of the Jenyns's, of Churchill in Somersetshire; one of whom, about the middle of the sixteenth century, by an intermarriage with a coheiress of the Rowlet family, became possessed of Sandridge in the county of Hertford; whose descendant, Sir John Jenyns, was created by King James a Knight of the Bath at the creation of Charles Prince of Wales, and was returned to represent the borough of St. Alban's, in the second parliament holden after the crown had descended to that prince.

About the middle of the last century a younger branch of this family settled in

would say, likewise, that this circumstance attending his birth made him often laugh at the solemn manner in which biographers recorded the events that happened at the birth of those whose lives they had written, as portentous of their future destinations or characters in life; for, though he was born in the *moment* of controversy, yet, of all subjects in which the learned engaged, that was to him the most disagreeable.

Cambridgeshire,

Cambridgeshire, which county was represented in three parliaments by John, the elder brother of Sir Roger.

Sir Roger's residence in the country was at Ely, in the Isle of Ely, where he spent much of his time in an application to those kinds of business which render gentlemen who live in the country most serviceable to their neighbours, and thereby procure them that degree of weight and respect which will always attend on such a character. He was an upright, knowing, and diligent magistrate, a great encourager of industry, and at enmity with vice and its parent idleness; a constant promoter of good and orderly government, both by precept and example. Amongst other objects of his attention to the interests of the public, he exceedingly laboured in carrying into execution the draining of the great level of the fens; went through all the higher offices in that corporation, which was created by an act of Parliament passed in the time

of Charles the Second, for that work, and this with great reputation to himself and advantage to the country.

In the last century, every mark of distinction from the crown stamped a value on him who received it. The ingenuity of oppositions to ministers had not, at that time, endeavoured, by a vein of ridicule which hath since been adopted with too much effect, to lower and bring into contempt the less honors of the crown; and the order of knighthood was then esteemed by gentlemen as a real mark of royal favour, and received by them as such with the profoundest gratitude. This honour was sometimes conferred on those, who, in their respective counties, had distinguished themselves by their zeal and activity in the district where they resided, when it was openly attacked by riot and disorder; at other times it was a reward for a general conduct, manifesting itself by an exemplary life, in the performance of such civil duties as the respective stations

in which gentlemen were placed gave them an opportunity of performing. On the latter of these grounds, this honor was conferred on Roger Jenyns, Esq; by his Majesty king William, at his palace at Kensington, on the ninth day of January, 1693-4* The mother of our author was one of the daughters of Sir Peter Soame, of Hayden, in the county of Essex, baronet; a most beautiful woman, and endued with an excellent understanding, which she had improved by reading, much beyond what was the fashion of those times in the education of the daughters of gentlemen: she was well instructed in the principles of religion, which she manifested both by her life and in her conversation; and these excellences were still heightened by the most polished manners. As it was the fashion in ancient Rome to be educated “ Non

* London Gazette, from *January* the 11th to *January* the 15th 1693-4, No 3556.

“ in cella emptæ nutricis, sed gremio et
“ finu matris * :” so was our author
brought up, under the care of his excel-
lent mother, till that time when it be-
comes proper to take children out of the
nursery, and to consign the further insti-
tution of them to tutors, whose province
it is to open to young minds those store-
houses of ancient learning, on which their
future intellectual improvements for the
most part depend. To the Rev. Mr.
Hill, introduced into the family for that
purpose, she surrendered up her charge,
to which she had with so much diligence
attended, that the tutor received his pupil
possessed of all that knowledge, and
grounded with all those principles of vir-
tue and religion, which at that early pe-
riod the infant mind is capable of, or
ought to receive.

Under the care of Mr. Hill he conti-
nued some time, who, after he had taught

* Taciti Dialogus de Oratoribus. Brotier's edi-
tion, quarto, Paris, 1771, vol. iv. page 151.

him

him the first rudiments of language, and of such branches of knowledge as were proper for his age, was called off to pursuits that promised him greater advantages than he could expect to derive from his sole attention to the education of the son of a private gentleman.

The anxiety of the family on the important point of our author's education, made them very industrious in procuring a proper successor; which was amply satisfied by their having prevailed on the Rev. Stephen White to undertake the charge. Mr. White was the brother of him who afterwards distinguished himself in several controversial pieces with the Dissenters; and he was himself eminent for his learning, good taste, and great ingenuity; and, having no object but the improvement of his pupil, continued his care of him till it was necessary to finish his education by a removal of him to one of our universities.

It rarely happens that any thing is or

can be recorded of the life of school-boys ; a remark that may be applied even to such as receive their education in those great royal seminaries, founded for the advancement of religion and learning ; where ambition and emulation must have such an effect on young minds, as can never be produced in a solitary domestic education. In the latter, no rival is to be dreaded ; no ambition can be gratified by obtaining prizes, as rewards of superior merit, or the surrounding applause of a little world in embryo ; no calls for that address, sagacity, and conduct, all which are in some sort necessary to promote the happiness of those who are to pass the first part of their lives in the numerous societies of youths, many of whom are afterwards to act considerable parts on the great stage of the world. Notwithstanding the want of these incitements, which in a private education can never be holden forth, yet our author hath left behind him exercises in English, and in both the
dead

dead languages, whence at that time the heights might have been easily foreseen, to which his understanding would afterwards attain.

The time was now come in which he was to take leave of a domestic education, and change it for that which is only to be met with in the British universities. His father had purchased Bottisham Hall, in the village of Bottisham, where he resided with his family; and, as it was not far distant from Cambridge, that university was fixed on for the place in which his son was to make a progress in his future studies.

St. John's College was at that time a society, as it hath continued to be ever since, eminent as a seat of religion, learning, and discipline.

Into this society he was admitted as a fellow-commoner, in the year 1722*,
under

* Soame Jenyns Middlesexienfis, Rogeri Jenyns, Equitis Aurati nat. Londinas. Literis institutus in
b 4 ædibus

under Dr. Edmondson, at that time one of the principal tutors of the college.

In this college he lived, except at those times set apart for vacations, near three years, pursuing with great industry the course of studies in which young men of fortune at that time were instituted.

His behaviour whilst he resided there was most orderly and regular, and the discipline of the college was by no means disagreeable to his natural inclination, inso-much that he was often heard to say, after he had left the university, that he accounted the days he had lived there amongst those which were the happiest in his life.

From the time he left Cambridge, his residence in winter was in London, and in the summer in the country, in his father's family, as long as he lived. His pursuits were chiefly literary, and, though

ædibus paternis a Magistris Hill et White. Annos habens 17, admissus Pensionarius Major, Tutore et Fidejussore ejus Doctore Edmondson, Julii 2, 1722. Ex Libro Admissionum Coll. Div. Johan. Cantab.

his

his name was not put to the publication, in the year 1727, of his Art of Dancing, inscribed to lady Fanny Fielding, yet the author was soon discovered, and it was considered as a presage of what might afterwards be expected from him.

Soon after his father's death, at the general election in 1742, he was unanimously chosen one of the representatives for the county of Cambridge; from which time he sat in parliament until the year 1780, representing, during those thirty-eight years, either the county or the borough of Cambridge, except only for four years, when on the call of a new parliament, in the year 1754, he was returned for the borough of Dunwich, in the county of Suffolk; but on lord Dupplin's going up to the house of lords, he vacated his seat by the acceptance of the office of steward of the Chiltern hundreds, and succeeded him as representative of the borough of Cambridge. The constant and uniform opinion, which those who chose him entertained

tertained of his parliamentary conduct, cannot be more strongly evinced than by the unanimity of their choice; for he had only one opposition, and that from election-adventurers, one of whom not long after, as it often happens to the disturbers of established interests, appeared in the Gazette amongst the sad list of bankrupts.

In the year 1755, his late Majesty was pleased to appoint him one of the lords commissioners of the board for Trade and Plantations, at which he continued to sit until an alteration was made in its constitution by parliament, and the business of it transferred to the great officers of state, and those who are in the list of his Majesty's honorable privy council.

He was twice married, first to Mary the sole daughter of colonel Soame, of Dereham in Norfolk; who dying without issue, he afterwards married Elizabeth the daughter of Henry Grey, Esq. of Hackney,

ney, in the county of Middlesex, who survived him.—He died of a fever, after a few days illness, on the 18th day of December, 1787, at his house in Tilney-street, Audley-square, leaving no issue.

He was a man of great mildness, gentleness, and sweetness of temper, which he manifested to all with whom he had concerns, either in the business of life or its social intercourse. His earnest desire was, as far as it was possible, never to offend any person; and he made such allowances, even for those who in their dispositions differed from him, that he was rarely offended with others; of which, in a long life, he gave many notable instances. He was strict in the performance of religious duties in public, and a constant practiser of them in private; ever professing the greatest veneration for the church of England and its government, as by law established; holding her liturgy as the purest and most perfect form of public worship in any established church in Christendom:

but,

but, though he gave it the preference in comparison with other churches, which, with Grotius, he thought had departed from the institutions of the more primitive Christian church*, yet he thought that alterations and amendments might be made in it, which would render it more perfect than it is in its present state, and which he earnestly desired to have seen accomplished by those who were properly authorized. But though such was his disposition, such his desire, he at the same time expressed his most ardent wish that it might remain in its present form, until the alterations proposed to be made therein were all agreed upon and finally

* Certum mihi est λειτουργίαν Anglicanam, item morem imponendi manus adolescentibus in baptismi memoriam, auctoritatem Episcoporum, presbyteria ex solis pastoribus composita, multaque alia ejusmodi, satis congruere institutis vetustioris Ecclesiæ, a quibus in Gallia et Belgio recessum negare non possumus.—Epistola ad Gedeoni, a Boetslaer et Asperen. Grotii Opera, Amsterdam. 1687.

settled;

settled; for he wisely foresaw the dangerous consequences that may arise to a long-established religious or civil government, from altering or doing away any part of it, however warranted by reason or sound policy, before it is absolutely determined what shall in future be adopted. In private life he was most amiable and engaging, for he was possessed of a well-informed mind, accompanied by an uncommon vein of the most lively, spirited, and genuine wit, which always flowed very copiously amongst those with whom he conversed, but which was tempered with such a kindness of nature, that it never was the cause of uneasiness to any of those with whom he lived: this made his acquaintance much sought after and courted by all those who had a taste for brilliant conversation, being well assured that they would be delighted with it where he was; and that, though they did not possess the same talent, they never would be censured by him because they wanted it.

This

This so gentle an exertion of so rare a quality he not only strictly observed himself, but was always much hurt if he observed the want of it in others; and considered every fall of wit, however bright it might be, which tended to the mortification of those who heard it, as one of its greatest abuses, since he looked upon all pre-eminent gifts of the mind, bestowed by nature as much for the happiness of others, as of those who possess them.

And in this his delightful conversation he so totally abstained from recurring to Religion or Scripture as subjects of his wit, that those who lived most with him could not help observing, that in his common and unguarded social hours, he ever strictly abstained from using the name of the Supreme Being, unless when it was rendered necessary by the immediate subject of the conversation.

No person ever felt more for the miseries of others than he did; no person saw, or more strictly practised, the necessity imposed

imposed on those who form the superior ranks of life, whose duty it is to reconcile the lower classes to their present condition, by contributing the utmost to make them happy; and thereby to cause them to feel as little of that difference as is possible; for he was most kind and courteous to all his inferiors, not only in his expressions and in his behaviour, but in assisting them in all their wants and distresses, as far as he could; ever considering his poor neighbours in the country as parts of his family, and, as such, entitled to his care and protection.

He spent his summers at his house in the country, residing there with hospitality to his tenants and neighbours, and never suffered any places at that season calculated for public diversions to allure him; for he said he could at that time do more good in his own parish than in any other situation.

He frequently lamented the prevailing fashion of the later times of his life, which
carried

carried gentlemen with their families from London, when it is deserted by all whose absence can be dispensed with, to places far distant from their houses and ancient seats in the country; opened chiefly for the reception of those who wish to continue the scenes of dissipation they have left: whence it is, that the money which should revert to the districts from which it was received, is turned into a different channel; tenants are deprived of the advantages they are in some degree entitled to, from its expenditure amongst them; hospitality done away, and the stream of charity, that would otherwise have gladdened the hearts of their poor neighbours, is stopped; their inferiors deprived of their example, encouragement, and protection, in the practice of religion and virtue, and thereby the manners of the country altered for the worse, which necessarily occasions great mischiefs to the public.

Such

Such was the author in his private walk of life ; and the principles on which that conduct was founded, when expanded as motives for his public character in a larger sphere of action, rendered him equally praise-worthy in that as in the former.

When he was in the country, he constantly acted as a magistrate in his own district, and attended all those meetings which were holden for the purposes of public justice.

From the general opinion that was entertained of his inflexible integrity, and superior understanding, he was much resorted to in that character at home. From his natural sagacity, quick discernment, and long experience, on hearing and examining the parties, he seldom failed of obtaining a compleat knowledge of the cases that came before him; and was thereby enabled to determine according to the rules of compleat justice; always giving his reasons for what he did,

with a clearness and perspicuity peculiar to himself, and those reasons expressed in words so accommodated to the understanding of all who heard him, that few or none departed dissatisfied with his decisions. Though he was not bred to the study of the law, his understanding, like old Cato * in his character by Livy, was such, that he could apply it to every purpose for which it was wanted. When in the course of conversation, among other topics that arose, the duty of a magistrate had its place, and the pains attending it, as also the difficulties from the number and variety of powers with which the legislature had entrusted him were asserted, he used to say, that he thought himself singularly happy, that, on a recollection of the many years he had acted in the commission of the peace, he had never been called to the Court of

* Huic versatile ingenium sic pariter ad omnia fuit, ut natum ad id unum diceres quodcunque ageret.—Liv. lib. 39. cap. 40.

King's Bench to account for his not understanding an act of parliament, of which he was often one of the makers ; which had sometimes happened to those in his situation ; and that he had been amply compensated for the pains he had taken, and the difficulties he had met with during his long exercise of that civil office, by the many opportunities which he had been gratified with of reconciling those who came before him inflamed with the highest degree of hatred to each other ; for he considered that beatitude, which is pronounced on the peace-makers, as an essential part of the internal evidence of the truth of the Christian religion.

His first entrance into parliament was in the last year of the administration of that able and honest minister Sir Robert Walpole, whose memory hath a title to be enrolled amongst the faithfullest servants of the crown, and truest friends to the liberties and real interests of the people, that the British empire hath been blessed

with during the present or any former century.

Through this year our author attended all long days and nights in the House of Commons, which the opposition spent in hunting that minister into the toils, which they had made to take him, under the hackneyed and specious colour of pursuing the enemies to the happiness and interests of the country.

Unknown to Sir Robert, and unconnected with him by acquaintance or private regard, he supported him to the utmost of his power, till he retired from his high station, making room for those who soon shewed the loss the nation sustained by the sad exchange. After he had retired, and received the strongest mark of his royal master's favour he could bestow, as a testimony of the sense he entertained of his faithful services to him and his kingdoms, our author waited upon Sir Robert at his house at Chelsea, to congratulate him on his having received

ceived so gracious a mark of what he had deserved for his unwearied zeal and abilities in the long service of his country; when, amongst other things which then passed in conversation, Lord Orford acknowledged the support he had given him, during the short time he had sitten in parliament, and that, in expressions of great thankfulness; at the same time declaring, that had those to whom he had, during his meridian of power, shewn the greatest friendship, and loaded with all the favours he could confer on them, but borne as kind dispositions to him as he had done, who had not been distinguished by any particular regard, he would not then have paid a visit to an ex-minister.

Long before he came into parliament, he had lived in the world with those of the best fashion, from which society the history of those who took the most active part in both Houses of Parliament, their connections, principles, and objects,

might be easily obtained ; of which opportunities he did not fail to avail himself, as from no other source, at that period, could such knowledge, with any degree of certainty, be had. For, during the modesty and decency of those times, no one presumed every day to publish to the world all the particulars of what passed in the great council of the nation. The people were then satisfied with written papers, known by the name of minutes, which were left at coffee-houses in the evenings during the sitting of parliaments, barely stating the business that day before the House, and whether the House were likely to break up early or to sit late. After the end of a session, during the prorogation, in the summer-time, the publishers of magazines inserted in these monthly pamphlets some of the speeches, delivered by the members in parliament ; but this was done under feigned names, or real names so concealed by the manner in which they were spelled, as plainly shewed the publisher's apprehension of the danger

danger he incurred of censure or punishment from so unconstitutional a proceeding.

At that time no publisher of a daily morning paper ever thought of, or presumed to solicit an entrance into the gallery of the house of commons, either to take notes of what passes during a debate, or by the strength of memory to retail to the public every morning during the sessions, what had passed there the preceding day—by which means the names of the speakers, and what was said by them on subjects of the greatest political consequence to the empire, are circulated all over Europe, and tell to foreign states, whether friends or enemies, the opinions of the ablest men in the kingdom, on its strength, its weaknesses, where and when it may be assailed to the greatest advantage by those states with whom it is at war, or which from ambition, or any other motive, may in time of peace meditate its attack. Happily for those times, there were none who

dared thus to infringe an usage, which, like all other usages obtaining there, is the law of parliament.

However this may be, our author having seen, observed, and well considered the causes and progress of the opposition to Sir Robert Walpole, and having weighed the end and consequences of it, this gave him an early distaste to oppositions in general; and nothing that passed afterwards in parliament, during the long time he sat there, ever tended to produce any alteration in his mind on that subject. He had with great industry studied the constitution, and few men understood it better, and, from understanding it, no man held it in higher veneration, being himself firmly convinced, that of all forms of civil government, that of these kingdoms had mixed in it the fewest imperfections of any other recorded in ancient or modern story, being from time to time produced by the experience of ages, during which the wisest and ablest statesmen had severally,

severally, as occasion offered, contributed their great talents to raise it to that pre-eminent excellence it obtains over all others.

Not being bred to any profession, or early instituted in civil business, by which the powers of speaking in public are often called forth and nurtured, though endued with great quickness of comprehension, which enabled him well to understand, not only what others said, but what they meant by the several parts they took in debate, a faculty of discrimination most necessary in popular assemblies; yet not having that *prompta et profusa eloquentia* which Tacitus ascribes to Augustus, and which our author thought those ought to have, who called for, and claimed the sole attention of a great assembly, he seldom or ever spoke, whilst sitting in parliament.

From having long had a seat at the board of trade, and constantly attending his duty there, he gained an understanding

ing of the great outlines of the commercial interests of this country ; and, though he never employed himself in acquiring the knowledge of a minute detail of its particular branches, yet, when general commerce happened to be the subject of conversation, he discoursed upon it pertinently, and much to the information of those that were present, having never failed to avail himself of the knowledge which was brought to that board by merchants of the first eminence, who frequently applied to it on great objects of national concern, as connected with its commerce. Though he never published any thing on this subject, yet it was an object that engaged much of his attention, and on which he had made up in his mind certain principles, from which he never departed ; in most of which, those to whom he communicated them deemed him well warranted.

He always considered the British empire as enlarged beyond the bounds dictated
by

by sound policy ; that those parts of it situated beyond the Atlantic Ocean to the west, beyond the Cape of Good Hope to the east, were at too great a distance to be governed as they ought to be ; that the American colonies were too kindly fostered by the mother country ; that the millions expended in promoting their growth would, at last, rear them to a height at which they would think themselves entitled to ask for emancipation from their parent state ; an observation he often made before the event happened, and he lived to see with regret his prophecy, with consequences he did not foresee, become true history.

He always beheld our conquests in the East Indies with a real concern, and considered the great influx of wealth, brought thence into this country, by the individuals who had there acquired it, as an ample revenge for the unjust depredations committed on the territorial possessions of their princes, ever considering those depredations

predations as being the most enormous acts of injustice that could be shewn from one state to another, and that this was heightened by a most flagrant act of ingratitude for the original permission of commercial establishments made on their coasts, in order that trade might be carried on to more advantage ; for which permission the natives were entitled to the most perfect amity, and every public social intercourse shewn to the most favoured nations. Sometimes he would add, that though Asia had in her turn been often conquered by all who attacked her, yet that the wealth brought from thence by the conquerors into their respective dominions, had always introduced with it so great luxury, that thereby those virtues by which they became conquerors, were at last enfeebled and done away, inso-much that Asia in her turn became the conqueror ; of which he instanced, amongst others, the decline and fall of the Roman empire as a lasting evidence. He considered

dered the East Indies and America as two immense disproportionate wings to the small body of the island, and expressed his fears lest, at some time or other, they might fly away with the British empire.

As an author, so long as a true taste of fine writing shall exist, he will have a distinguished place amongst those who have excelled. Whatever he hath published, whether he played with his muse, or appeared in the plain livery of prose, was sought for with avidity, and read with pleasure, by those who at the time were esteemed the best judges of composition. A minute criticism on their several excellences is unnecessary, as the public sanction hath stamped their merit. Suffice it to say, that his poems are on the most pleasing subjects, and are executed with a warm animation of fancy, sterling wit, and, at the same time, great correctness.

He wonderfully excelled in burlesque imitations of the ancient poets, by applying their thoughts to modern times and circumstances ;

circumstances; which might be well expected, after his short but excellent strictures on this manner of writing, prefixed to his imitations of the first epistle of the second book of Horace's Epistles, inscribed to the Lord Chancellor Hardwick.

How far he followed the rules there laid down, must be determined by those who shall read and compare the original with the translation; in which it may be found, that in this kind of imitation he hath gone through a poem of three hundred lines, without ever losing sight of the original, by introducing new thoughts of his own.

He had, for many years before he died, bid farewell to his muse, and, in the language of Lord Bacon, applied himself to such subjects as come home—though not to men's business, yet close to their bosoms. But, long as the parting had been, yet almost in the last stage of his life, impelled by affection, he courted his muse again.

again. The sincere and strong affection he bore to his Majesty, produced the short poem on his escape from the dangerous attack of a lunatic, in which it appears, that however, when compared with his early poems, the fun of his imagination was at that time almost set, yet age had not in the least degree chilled in his heart the effusions of benevolence and affection.

The compliment to Lady Salisbury is without flattery, short, and elegant; the close of it is lively and striking, because unexpected.

As a writer of prose, whoever will examine his stile, will find that he is entitled to a place amongst the purest and correctest writers of the English language. He always puts proper words in proper places, and hath at the same time a variety in different members of his periods, which would otherwise tire and disgust the reader with their sameness; a failure which may be found in some of the
works

works of those to whom the public have ascribed a superior degree of merit. But this variety occasions no difficulty or embarrassment in the sense intended to be conveyed, which always at first sight appears clear, and is easy to be comprehended, so that the reader is never stopped in his progress to study what is meant.

This is his characteristic as a writer, on whatever subject he engaged, whether it were serious or called for his wit, whether political, moral, religious, or metaphysical. His matter is always most pertinent to the subject which he handles; he reasons with closeness and precision, and always, by a regular chain of argument, arrives at the conclusions which he professes is his design to establish. And whoever will attend to the exertions of his mind, manifesting at some times the truest humour and the most lively wit, at other times the most regular chain of argument, with the nicest discrimination and marked differences of
abstract

abstract ideas, cannot but allow, that as wit consists in quickly assembling ideas, and putting those together with readiness and variety, wherein can be found any resemblance; and judgment, on the contrary, in carefully separating ideas from one another, and examining them apart; I say, he cannot but allow that our author was one of those very few who have appeared in the world possessed of these two almost discordant talents of the understanding. — The Free Inquiry into the Nature and Origin of Evil, was the first of the author's works on account of which he was attacked. Pamphlets were published, and private letters addressed to him, on that occasion, some of them charged with great acrimony, much abuse, and no small portion of calumny. In a second edition of that work, published some years after the first, having long submitted with silent patience to a treatment which he by no means deserved, in a preface to that edition he answered his

SKETCHES OF THE LIFE

adversaries, which whoever will take the pains to read and consider, will admire as a specimen of his superior talents in controversial writing. With great sagacity and perspicuity he answers his numerous host of adversaries; at the same time, forgetting all the obloquy with which they had loaded him, he never loses sight of that candour, civility, and good-humour, which he had always observed, as well in his writings as in his conversation. Convinced that he had been much misunderstood, by those who had written against him, after having done all in his power to remove their misapprehension, and assist their understanding, lest he might not have succeeded in that attempt, he makes the sincerest, the clearest, and the most liberal declaration of the end proposed by him in writing that treatise, in the following words:—" That his intentions were
" to reconcile the numerous evils so conspicuous in the creation, with the wisdom, power, and goodness of the Creator;
" tor;

“ tor ; to shew that no more of them are
“ admitted by him than are necessary to-
“ wards promoting universal good ; and
“ from thence to persuade men to an en-
“ tire resignation to his all-wise, but in-
“ comprehensible dispensations. To as-
“ certain the nature of virtue, and to en-
“ force the practice of it ; to prove the
“ certainty of a future state, and the jus-
“ tice of the rewards and punishments
“ that will attend it ; to recommend sub-
“ mission to national governments, and
“ conformity to national religions, not-
“ withstanding the evils and defects
“ which must unavoidably adhere to
“ them ; and lastly, to shew the excel-
“ lence and credibility of the Christian
“ revelation, to reconcile some of its most
“ abstruse doctrines with reason, and to
“ answer all those objections to its autho-
“ rity, which have been drawn from its
“ imperfections and abuses. These, and
“ these only, were his intentions.” To
the truth of this solemn declaration, all

those who knew the great sincerity of the author's heart, from which on no occasion he was ever known to depart, will readily subscribe their unfeigned assent.

In the summer of the year 1776, he published a View of the Internal Evidence of the Christian Religion, without his name; the reception it met with was such as seldom is shewn to the compositions of the most approved writers.

This was a work with which the clergy, the laity, were in general pleased, many of them delighted; it was translated into foreign languages, and in a short time went through three editions, to the last of which, by the advice of his friends, the author put his name. It was written under a full conviction of the truth of the Christian dispensation, and a sincere zeal for its service. Warmed with the principles it requires, and the duties it commands, the picture he draws of its excellencies is most exact in its outline; the parts beautifully arranged, and the whole

whole glows with the most animated colouring.

The author, struck with the beauties of its principles and doctrines, so essential to the happiness of human creatures in the present and a future state, thought that a short and clear representation of their internal excellence might allure the attention, and procure a belief in the truth of the Christian religion, from those who read but little and think less, and who form too considerable a part of the bulk of mankind, not to attract the notice and care of him who felt himself interested in the happiness of the whole human race.

Though this book was attacked, and the author treated with a very unbecoming asperity, by two able writers, yet the number of private letters he received, from those on whom this work had the effect his benevolent intention proposed, more than consoled him for the rude treatment he received from such writers.

Those letters, many of which the author received, contain acknowledgments from several persons, whom this book had led from unbelief to a full conviction of the truths he had endeavoured to establish ; they are written with that humility and pious gratitude, which the primitive Christians expressed to their instructors in the wonderful dispensation of the gospel.

The good effects of this work were not confined to this country, they operated in distant worlds, and did that which perhaps neither of those writers who attacked him, though professed servants of Christ, ever accomplished ; for it propagated their Master's religion in India, as appears by a letter from thence, in which the writer, confessing his former infidelity, and the pains he had long in vain taken, by the means of books recommended to him, written on the truth of the Christian religion, to give his assent to it, concludes in these words :
“ I eagerly wished to believe, but could
“ not

“ not satisfactorily. But now, I thank
“ God, Soame Jenyns’s reasons have, I
“ hope, triumphed over all my doubts,
“ and I have given an unfeigned and full
“ assent to his three propositions, which,
“ in my opinion, prove all that is wanted
“ to be cleared up.”

Thus much is sufficient for the purpose designed by these imperfect sketches; in which, the writer trusts, he hath withstood the temptation, from partiality and affection to the memory of departed friends, to emblazon their characters in colours to which they were not strictly entitled; for, amiable as the principle is, every misapplication of it is unwarrantable, on account of the superior excellence of truth. To those who are now alive, to whom the author was known (and many such there are, of the most respectable distinction) the editor submits the portrait, not as being finely, but faithfully, drawn.

To posterity he leaves the following entry, the original of which may be found

in the registry of burials, in the parish of Bottissham, for the year 1787, as an evidence of what hath been advanced in the foregoing sheets.

SOAME JENYNS, in the 83d year of
his age.

What his literary character was,
The world hath already judged for itself;
But it remains for his Parish Minister
to do his duty,

By declaring,
That while he registers the burial of
SOAME JENYNS,

He regrets the loss of one of *the most*
amiable of men,

And one of *the truest Christians.*
To the Parish of Bottissham he is an
irreparable loss.

He was buried in this church, Dec. 27,
near midnight,

By William Lort Mansell, sequestrator;
Who thus transgresses the common forms
of a Register,

Merely

Merely because he thinks it to be
The most solemn and lasting method
of recording to posterity,
That the *finest understanding*
Has been united
To the *best heart*.

CONTENTS

in the registry of burials, in the parish of Bottisham, for the year 1787, as an evidence of what hath been advanced in the foregoing sheets.

SOAME JENYNS, in the 83d year of
his age.

What his literary character was,
The world hath already judged for itself;
But it remains for his Parish Minister
to do his duty,

By declaring,
That while he registers the burial of
SOAME JENYNS,

He regrets the loss of one of *the most*
amiable of men,

And one of *the truest Christians.*

To the Parish of Bottisham he is an
irreparable loss.

He was buried in this church, Dec. 27,
near midnight,

By William Lort Mansell, sequestrator;
Who thus transgresses the common forms
of a Register,

Merely

Merely because he thinks it to be
The most solemn and lasting method
of recording to posterity,
That the *finest understanding*
Has been united
To the *best heart*.

CONTENTS

CONFIDENTIAL

C O N T E N T S

O F

VOLUME THE FIRST.

<i>THE Art of Dancing</i>	-	Page	3
<i>Written in the Earl of Oxford's</i>			
<i>Library at Wimple</i>	-	-	31
<i>To a Nosegay in Pancharilla's Breast,</i>			
<i>from Bonfonius</i>	-	-	35
<i>Epistle from the Country, to Lord</i>			
<i>Lovelace in Town</i>	-	-	40
<i>Essay on Virtue, to the Hon. Philip</i>			
<i>Yorke</i>	-	-	53
<i>The Modern Fine Gentleman, written</i>			
<i>in 1746</i>	-	-	65
<i>The Modern Fine Lady, written in</i>			
<i>1750</i>	-	-	73
<i>First Epistle of the First Book of Ho-</i>			
<i>race imitated; to the Right Hon.</i>			
<i>Philip Lord Hardwicke, Lord High</i>			
5		Chancellor	

IX CONTENTS.

<i>Chancellor of Great Britain; written in 1778</i>	-	-	Page 82
<i>To the Earl of Chesterfield, on his being installed Knight of the Garter</i>	-		114
<i>To a Lady in Town, soon after her leaving the Country</i>	-	-	115
<i>To a Lady, sent with a present of Shells and Stones, designed for a Grotto</i>	-		120
<i>To a Lady, in answer to a Letter written in a very fine Hand</i>	-		123
<i>To the Right Hon. Lady Margaret Cavendish Harley, presented with a Collection of Poems</i>	-	-	126
<i>Horace, Book II. Ode 16, imitated; to the Hon. Philip Yorke, soon after the General Election 1747</i>	-	-	131
<i>Horace, Book IV. Ode 8, imitated; to the same</i>	-	-	137
<i>To the Hon. Miss Yorke, on her Marriage with Lord Anson</i>	-	-	142
<i>Chloe to Strephon, a Song</i>	-	-	143
<i>A Song</i>	-	-	145
<i>A Song</i>	-	-	146
<i>The Choice</i>	-	-	147
			To

CONTENTS. lxi

<i>To a young Lady going to the West Indies</i>	-	-	Page 150
<i>Chloe Angling</i>	-	-	- 152
<i>Chloe Hunting</i>	-	-	- 154
<i>Lucinda's Recovery from the Small-pox</i>			155
<i>Written in Mr. Locke's Essay on Human Understanding</i>	-	-	- 158
<i>Written in a Lady's Volume of Tragedies</i>	-	-	- 159
<i>Cupid Relieved</i>	-	-	- 160
<i>The Way to be Wise, imitated from La Fontaine</i>	-	-	- 161
<i>The Snow Ball, from Petronius Afra-nius</i>	-	-	- 163
<i>ΕΙΣ ΒΑΘΥΛΛΟΝ, Anacreon, Ode 20, a free Translation</i>	-	-	- 165
<i>Camera Obscura, Translation of Latin Verses on</i>	-	-	- 166
<i>The Temple of Venus</i>	-	-	- 170
<i>On a Nosegay in the Countess of Coventry's Breast; in Imitation of Waller</i>	-	-	- 172
<i>The Squire and Parson, an Eclogue, written on the Conclusion of the Peace in 1748</i>	-	-	- 172
			Given

<i>Given to a Lady with a Watch, which she borrowed to hang at her Bed's Head - - -</i>	Page 180
<i>Belphegor, a Fable, from Machiavel -</i>	182
<i>A Dialogue between the Right Hon. Henry Pelham and Madam Popu- larity, in imitation of Horace, Book III. Ode 9. - - -</i>	193
<i>A Simile - - -</i>	198
<i>A Passage in Ossian versified - -</i>	201
<i>On seeing the Earl of Chesterfield at a Ball at Bath; written in 1770 -</i>	202
<i>The American Coachman - -</i>	203
<i>Burlesque Ode - - -</i>	215
<i>Written at the Countess of Salisbury's Assembly in 1787 - - -</i>	221
<i>Epitaph on Dr. Samuel Johnson -</i>	222
<i>On a late execrable Attempt on his Majesty's Life - - -</i>	222

C O N T E N T S

O F

VOLUME THE SECOND.

<i>TRANSLATION of Browne,</i>			
<i>De Animi Immortalitate</i>	-	Page	i
<i>The World.—N° 125</i>	- - -		93
<i>The World.—N° 153</i>	- - -		103
<i>The World.—N° 157</i>	- - -		115
<i>The World.—N° 163</i>	- - -		124
<i>The World.—N° 178</i>	- - -		134
<i>Short but serious Reasons for a Na-</i>			
<i>tional Militia</i>	- - -		149
<i>Thoughts on the Causes and Conse-</i>			
<i>quences of the present high Price of</i>			
<i>Provisions</i>	- - -		163
<i>The Objections to the Taxation of our</i>			
<i>American Colonies, by the Legisla-</i>			
<i>ture of Great Britain, briefly consi-</i>			
<i>dered</i>	- - -		189
			<i>Reflections</i>

<i>Reflections on several Subjects</i>	Page 205
<i>Thoughts on a Parliamentary Reform</i>	235
<i>A Scheme for the Coalition of Parties</i>	249
<i>Thoughts on the National Debt</i>	- - 275

C O N T E N T S

O F

VOLUME THE THIRD

<i>Additional Preface to A Free En- quiry into the Nature and Origin of Evil, in Six Letters</i>	-	Page	3
<i>On Evil in general</i>	-	-	27
<i>On Evils of Imperfection</i>	-	-	43
<i>On Natural Evils</i>	-	-	56
<i>On Moral Evil</i>	-	-	81
<i>On Political Evils</i>	-	-	117
<i>On Religious Evils</i>	-	-	141
<i>Disquisition on the Chain of Universal Being</i>	-	-	179
<i>On Cruelty to inferior Animals</i>	-	-	186
<i>On a Præ-existent State</i>	-	-	196
<i>On the Nature of Time</i>	-	-	209
<i>On the Analogy between Things mate- rial and intellectual</i>	-	-	234
<i>On Rational Christianity</i>	-	-	245
<i>On Government and Civil Liberty</i>	-	-	257

(lxvi)

C O N T E N T S
O F
VOLUME THE FOURTH.

*V*IEW of the Internal Evidence of
the Christian Religion - Page 1

Short and Cursory Observations on se-
veral Passages in the New Testa-
ment - - - - - 125

THE

THE
ART OF DANCING.

A
P O E M.

Incessu patuit Dea. VIRG.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1728.

VOL. I.

B

3

T

I

T

A

I

B

V

A

te

H

o

h

fe

in

THE ART OF DANCING.

INSCRIBED TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

THE LADY FANNY FIELDING*.

C A N T O I.

IN the smooth dance to move with graceful mien,
Easy with care, and sprightly tho' serene,
To mark th' instructions echoing strains convey,
And with just steps each tuneful note obey,
I teach ; be present, all ye sacred Choir,
Blow the soft flute, and strike the sounding lyre :
When FIELDING bids, your kind assistance bring,
And at her feet the lowly tribute fling ;

* Lady Fanny Fielding was the youngest of the six daughters of Basil, Earl of Denbigh and Desmond, by his wife Hester, daughter of Sir Basil Firebrass, Bart. She was one of the finest dancers of her time, but more distinguished for her beauty and amiable manners. She married Daniel, the seventh Earl of Winchelsea, and third Earl of Nottingham, in the year 1729, and died in the year 1734.

Oh may her eyes (to her this verse is due)
 What first themselves inspir'd, vouchsafe to view !

Hail loveliest art ! that canst all hearts insnare,
 And make the fairest still appear more fair,
 Beauty can little execution do,
 Unless she borrows half her arms from you ;
 Few, like PYGMALION, doat on lifeless charms,
 Or care to clasp a statue in their arms ;
 But breasts of flint must melt with fierce desire,
 When art and motion wake the sleeping fire :
 A VENUS drawn by great Apelles' hand,
 May for a while our wond'ring eyes command,
 But still, tho' form'd with all the pow'rs of art,
 The lifeless piece can never warm the heart ;
 So a fair nymph, perhaps, may please the eye,
 Whilst all her beauteous limbs unactive lie,
 But when her charms are in the dance display'd,
 Then ev'ry heart adores the lovely maid :
 This sets her beauty in the fairest light,
 And shews each grace in full perfection bright ;
 Then, as she turns around, from ev'ry part,
 Like porcupines, she sends a piercing dart ;

In vain, alas ! the fond spectator tries
 To shun the pleasing dangers of her eyes,
 For, PARTHIAN like, she wounds as sure behind,
 With flowing curls, and ivory neck reclin'd :
 Whether her steps the Minuet's mazes trace,
 Or the slow Louvre's more majestic pace,
 Whether the Rigadoon employs her care,
 Or sprightly Jig displays the nimble fair,
 At every step new beauties we explore,
 And worship now, what we admir'd before :
 So when ÆNEAS in the TYRIAN grove,
 Fair VENUS met, the charming queen of Love,
 The beauteous Goddess, whilst unmov'd she stood,
 Seem'd some fair nymph, the guardian of the wood ;
 But when she mov'd, at once her heav'nly mien,
 And graceful step confess bright Beauty's queen,
 New glories o'er her form each moment rise,
 And all the Goddess opens to his eyes.

Now haste, my Muse, pursue thy destin'd way,
 What dresses best become the dancer, say,
 The rules of dress forget not to impart,
 A lesson previous to the dancing art.

'The soldier's scarlet glowing from afar,
 Shews that his bloody occupation's war ;
 Whilst the lawn band, beneath a double chin,
 As plainly speaks divinity within ;
 The milk-maid safe thro' driving rains and snows,
 Wrapp'd in her cloak, and prop'd on pattens goes ;
 While the soft Belle immur'd in velvet chair,
 Needs but the filken shoe, and trusts her bosom bare :
 The woolly drab, and English broad-cloth warm,
 Guard well the horseman from the beating storm,
 But load the dancer with too great a weight,
 And call from ev'ry pore the dewy sweat ;
 Rather let him his active limbs display
 In camblet thin, or glossy paduasoy,
 Let no unwieldy pride his shoulders press,
 But airy, light, and easy be his dress ;
 Thin be his yielding sole, and low his heel,
 So shall he nimbly bound, and safely wheel.

But let not precepts known my verse prolong,
 Precepts which use will better teach than song ;
 For why should I the gallant spark command,
 With clean white gloves to fit his ready hand ?

Or in his fob enlivening spirits wear,
 And pungent salts to raise the fainting fair?
 Or hint, the sword that dangles at his side,
 Should from its filken bondage be unty'd?
 Why should my lays the youthful tribe advise,
 Lest snowy clouds from out their wigs arise:
 So shall their partners mourn their laces spoil'd,
 And shining silks with greasy powder soil'd?
 Nor need I, sure, bid prudent youths beware,
 Lest with erected tongues their buckles stare,
 The pointed steel shall oft their stockings rend,
 And oft th' approaching petticoat offend.

And now, ye youthful Fair, I sing to you,
 With pleasing smiles my useful labours view;
 For you the silk-worms fine-wrought webs display,
 And lab'ring spin their little lives away,
 For you bright gems with radiant colours glow,
 Fair as the dyes that paint the heav'nly bow,
 For you the sea resigns its pearly store,
 And earth unlocks her mines of treasur'd ore;
 In vain yet nature thus her gifts bestows,
 Unless yourselves with art those gifts dispose.

Yet think not, Nymphs, that in the glitt'ring ball,
 One form of dress prescrib'd can suit with all;
 One brightest shines when wealth and art combine
 To make the finish'd piece completely fine;
 When least adorn'd, another steals our hearts,
 And rich in native beauties, wants not arts;
 In some are such resistless graces found,
 That in all dresses they are sure to wound;
 Their perfect forms all foreign aids despise,
 And gems but borrow lustre from their eyes.

Let the fair nymph in whose plump cheeks is seen
 A constant blush, be clad in chearful green;
 In such a dress the sportive sea-nymphs go;
 So in their grassy bed fresh roses blow:
 The lass whose skin is like the hazel brown,
 With brighter yellow should o'ercome her own;
 While maids grown pale with sickness or despair,
 The sable's mournful dye should chuse to wear;
 So the pale moon still shines with purest light,
 Cloath'd in the dusky mantle of the night.

But far from you be all those treach'rous arts,
 That wound with painted charms unwary hearts;

Dancing's

Dancing's a touchstone that true beauty tries,
 Nor suffers charms that nature's hand denies :
 Tho' for a while we may with wonder view
 The rosy blush, and skin of lovely hue,
 Yet soon the dance will cause the cheeks to glow,
 And melt the waxen lips, and neck of snow :
 So shine the fields in icy fetters bound,
 Whilst frozen gems bespangle all the ground ;
 Thro' the clear crystal of the glitt'ring snow,
 With scarlet dye the blushing hawthorns glow ;
 O'er all the plains unnumber'd glories rise,
 And a new bright creation charms our eyes ;
 Till ZEPHYR breathes, then all at once decay
 The splendid scenes, their glories fade away,
 The fields resign the beauties not their own,
 And all their snowy charms run trickling down.

Dare I in such momentous points advise,
 I should condemn the hoop's enormous size :
 Of ills I speak by long experience found,
 Oft' have I trod th' immeasurable round,
 And mourn'd my shins bruis'd black with many a
 wound.

}
 Nor

Nor should the tighten'd stays, too straitly lac'd,
 In whalebone bondage gall the slender waist;
 Nor waving lappets should the dancing Fair,
 Nor ruffles edg'd with dangling fringes wear;
 Oft will the cobweb ornaments catch hold
 On the approaching button rough with gold,
 Nor force, nor art can then the bonds divide,
 When once th' intangled Gordian knot is ty'd.
 So the unhappy pair, by HYMEN's power,
 Together join'd in some ill-fated hour,
 The more they strive their freedom to regain,
 The faster binds th' indissoluble chain.

Let each fair maid, who fears to be disgrac'd,
 Ever be sure to tie her garters fast,
 Lest the loos'd string, amidst the public ball,
 A wish'd-for prize to some proud fop should fall,
 Who the rich treasure shall triumphant show;
 And with warm blushes cause her cheeks to glow.

But yet, (as Fortune by the self-same ways
 She humbles many, some delights to raise)
 It happen'd once, a fair illustrious dame
 By such neglect acquir'd immortal fame.

And

And hence the radiant Star and Garter blue
 BRITANNIA'S nobles grace, if fame says true :
 Hence still, PLANTAGENET, thy beauties bloom,
 Tho' long since moulder'd in the dusky tomb,
 Still thy lost Garter is thy sovereign's care,
 And what each royal breast is proud to wear.

But let me now my lovely charge remind,
 Left they forgetful leave their fans behind ;
 Lay not, ye Fair, the pretty toy aside,
 A toy at once display'd, for use and pride,
 A wond'rous engine, that, by magic charms,
 Cools your own breasts, and ev'ry other's warms.
 What daring bard shall e'er attempt to tell
 The pow'rs that in this little weapon dwell ?
 What verse can e'er explain its various parts,
 Its num'rous uses, motions, charms, and arts ?
 Its painted folds, that oft extended wide,
 Th' afflicted fair one's blubber'd beauties hide,
 When secret sorrows her sad bosom fill,
 If STREPHON is unkind, or SHOCK is ill :
 Its sticks, on which her eyes dejected pore,
 And pointing fingers number o'er and o'er,

When

When the kind virgin burns with secret shame;
 Dies to consent, yet fears to own her flame;
 Its shake triumphant, its victorious clap,
 Its angry flutter, and its wanton tap?

Forbear, my muse, th' extensive theme to sing,
 Nor trust in such a flight thy tender wing;
 Rather do you in humble lines proclaim,
 From whence this engine took its form and name,
 Say from what cause it first deriv'd its birth;
 How form'd in heav'n, how thence deduc'd to earth.

Once in ARCADIA, that fam'd seat of love,
 There liv'd a nymph the pride of all the grove,
 A lovely nymph, adorn'd with ev'ry grace,
 An easy shape, and sweetly-blooming face;
 FANNY the damsel's name, as chaste as fair,
 Each virgin's envy, and each swain's despair;
 To charm her ear the rival shepherds sing,
 Blow the soft flute, and wake the trembling string,
 For her they leave their wand'ring flocks to rove,
 Whilst FANNY's name resounds thro' ev'ry grove,
 And spreads on ev'ry tree, inclos'd in knots of love,

}
 As

As FIELDING's now, her eyes all hearts inflame,
Like her in beauty, as alike in name.

'Twas when the summer sun now mounted high,
With fiercer beams had scorch'd the glowing sky,
Beneath the covert of a cooling shade,
To shun the heat, this lovely nymph was laid;
The sultry weather o'er her cheeks had spread
A blush, that added to their native red,
And her fair breast as polish'd marble white,
Was half conceal'd, and half expos'd to sight:
ÆOLUS the mighty God, whom winds obey,
Observ'd the beauteous maid, as thus she lay;
O'er all her charms he gaz'd with fond delight,
And suck'd in poison at the dangerous sight;
He sighs, he burns; at last declares his pain,
But still he sighs, and still he woos in vain;
The cruel nymph, regardless of his moan,
Minds not his flame, uneasy with her own;
But still complains, that he who rul'd the air
Would not command one ZEPHYR to repair
Around her face, nor gentle breeze to play
Thro' the dark glade, to cool the sultry day;

By

By love incited, and the hopes of joy,
Th' ingenious God contriv'd this pretty toy,
With gales incessant to relieve her flame ;
And call'd it FAN, from lovely FANNY's name,



CANTO

C A N T O II

NOW see prepar'd to lead the sprightly dance,
The lovely nymphs, and well-dress'd youths
advance ;

The spacious room receives each jovial guest,
And the floor shakes with pleasing weight oppress'd :
Thick rang'd on ev'ry side, with various dyes
The fair in glossy filks our sight surprize ;
So, in a garden bath'd with genial show'rs,
A thousand sorts of variegated flow'rs,
Jonquils, carnations, pinks, and tulips rise,
And in a gay confusion charm our eyes.
High o'er their heads, with num'rous candles bright,
Large sconces shed their sparkling beams of light,
Their sparkling beams, that still more brightly glow
Reflected back from gems, and eyes below :
Unnumber'd fans to cool the crowded fair,
With breathing ZEPHYRS move the circling air ;
The sprightly fiddle, and the sounding lyre,
Each youthful breast with gen'rous warmth inspire ;

*

Fraught

Fraught with all joys the blissful moments fly,
 Whilst music melts the ear, and beauty charms the eye.

Now let the youth, to whose superior place
 It first belongs the splendid ball to grace,
 With humble bow, and ready hand prepare,
 Forth from the crowd to lead his chosen Fair;
 The Fair shall not his kind request deny,
 But to the pleasing toil with equal ardour fly.

But stay, rash pair, nor yet untaught advance,
 First hear the muse, ere you attempt to dance:

* By art directed o'er the foaming tide,
 Secure from rocks the painted vessels glide;
 By art the chariot scours the dusty plain,
 Springs at the whip, and † hears the strait'ning rein;
 To art our bodies must obedient prove,
 If e'er we hope with graceful ease to move.

Long was the dancing art unfixt, and free,
 Hence lost in error, and uncertainty;
 No precepts did it mind, or rules obey,
 But ev'ry master taught a different way;

* Arte citæ veloque rates remoque moventur,
 Arte leves currus. OVID.

† — Nec audit currus habenas. VIRG.

Hence

Hence ere each new-born dance was fully try'd,
 The lovely product ev'n in blooming dy'd;
 Thro' various hands in wild confusion tost,
 Its steps were alter'd, and its beauties lost;
 Till * FUILLET, the pride of GALLIA, rose,
 And did the dance in characters compose;
 Each lovely grace by certain marks he taught,
 And ev'ry step in lasting volumes wrote:
 Hence o'er the world this pleasing art shall spread,
 And ev'ry dance in ev'ry clime be read,
 By distant masters shall each step be seen,
 Tho' mountains rise, and oceans roar between;
 Hence with her sister arts, shall dancing claim
 An equal right to universal fame;
 And ISAAC's rigadoon shall live as long,
 As RAPHAEL's painting, or as VIRGIL's song.

Wise Nature ever, with a prudent hand,
 Dispenses various gifts to ev'ry land;
 To ev'ry nation frugally imparts
 A genius fit for some peculiar arts;

* Fullet wrote the Art of Dancing by Characters, in French, since translated by Weaver.

To trade the DUTCH incline, the SWISS to arms,
 Music and verse are soft ITALIA's charms ;
 BRITANNIA justly glories to have found
 Lands unexplor'd, and sail'd the globe around ;
 But none will sure presume to rival FRANCE,
 Whether she forms or executes the dance ;
 To her exalted genius 'tis we owe
 The sprightly Rigadoon and Louvre flow,
 The Borée, and Courant unpractis'd long,
 Th' immortal Minuet, and smooth Bretagne,
 With all those dances of illustrious fame,
 * Which from their native country take their name ;
 With these let ev'ry ball be first begun,
 Nor country dance intrude till these are done.

Each cautious bard, ere he attempts to sing,
 First gently flutt'ring tries his tender wing ;
 And if he finds that with uncommon fire
 The Muses all his raptur'd soul inspire,
 At once to heav'n he soars in lofty odes,
 And sings alone of heroes and of gods ;

* French Dances.

But

But if he trembling fears a flight so high,
 He then descends to softer elegy ;
 And if in elegy he can't succeed,
 In past'ral he may tune the oaten reed :
 So should the dancer, ere he tries to move,
 With care his strength, his weight and genius prove ;
 Then, if he finds kind Nature's gifts impart
 Endowments proper for the dancing art,
 If in himself he feels together join'd,
 An active body and ambitious mind,
 In nimble Rigadoons he may advance,
 Or in the Louvre's slow majestic dance ;
 If these he fears to reach, with easy pace
 Let him the Minuet's circling mazes trace :
 Is this too hard ? this too let him forbear,
 And to the country dance confine his care.

Would you in dancing ev'ry fault avoid,
 To keep true time be first your thoughts employ'd ;
 All other errors they in vain shall mend,
 Who in this one important point offend ;
 For this, when now united hand in hand
 Eager to start the youthful couple stand,

Let them a while their nimble feet restrain,
 And with soft taps beat time to ev'ry strain :
 So for the race prepar'd two courfers stand,
 And with impatient pawings spurn the sand.

In vain a master shall employ his care,
 Where nature has once fix'd a clumsy air ;
 Rather let such, to country sports confin'd,
 Pursue the flying hare or tim'rous hind :
 Nor yet, while I the rural 'squire despise,
 A mien effeminate would I advise :
 With equal scorn I would the fop deride,
 Nor let him dance,——but on the woman's side.

And you, fair Nymphs, avoid with equal care
 A stupid dullness, and a coquet air ;
 Neither with eyes, that ever love the ground,
 Asleep, like spinning tops, run round and round,
 Nor yet with giddy looks and wanton pride,
 Stare all around, and skip from side to side.

True dancing, like true wit, is best express'd
 By nature only to advantage dress'd ;
 'Tis not a nimble bound, or caper high,
 That can pretend to please a curious eye,

Good judges no such tumblers tricks regard
Or think them beautiful, because they're hard.

'Tis not enough that ev'ry stander-by
No glaring errors in your steps can spy,
The dance and music must so nicely meet,
Each note should seem an echo to your feet ;
A nameless grace must in each movement dwell,
Which words can ne'er express, or precepts tell,
Not to be taught, but ever to be seen
In FLAVIA's air, and CHLOE's easy mien ;
'Tis such an air that makes her thousands fall,
When FIELDING dances at a birthnight ball ;
Smooth as CAMILLA she skims o'er the plain,
And flies like her thro' crowds of heroes slain.

Now when the Minuet oft repeated o'er,
(Like all terrestrial joys) can please no more,
And ev'ry nymph, refusing to expand
Her charms, declines the circulating hand ;
Then let the jovial Country-dance begin,
And the loud fiddles call each straggler in :
But ere they come, permit me to disclose,
How first, as legends tell, this pastime rose.

In ancient times (such times are now no more)
 When ALBION's crown illustrious ARTHUR wore,
 In some fair op'ning glade, each summer's night,
 Where the pale moon diffus'd her silver light,
 On the soft carpet of a grassy field,
 The sporting Fairies their assemblies held :
 Some lightly tripping with their pigmy queen,
 In circling ringlets mark'd the level green,
 Some with soft notes bade mellow pipes resound,
 And music warble thro' the groves around ;
 Oft lonely shepherds by the forest side,
 Belated peasants oft their revels spy'd,
 And home returning o'er their nut-brown ale,
 Their guests diverted with the wond'rous tale.
 Instructed hence, throughout the British isle,
 And fond to imitate the pleasing toil,
 Round where the trembling may-pole fix'd on high,
 Uplifts its flow'ry honours to the sky,
 The ruddy maids and sun-burnt swains resort,
 And practise ev'ry night the lovely sport ;
 On ev'ry side Æolian artists stand,
 Whose active elbows swelling winds command ;

The

The swelling winds harmonious pipes inspire,
And blow in ev'ry breast a gen'rous fire.

Thus taught, at first the Country-dance began,
And hence to cities and to courts it ran ;
Succeeding ages did in time impart
Various improvements to the lovely art ;
From fields and groves to palaces remov'd,
Great ones the pleasing exercise approv'd :
Hence the loud fiddle, and shrill trumpet's sounds,
Are made companions of the dancer's bounds ;
Hence gems and silks, brocades and ribbons join,
To make the ball with perfect lustre shine.

So rude at first the Tragic muse appear'd,
Her voice alone by rustic rabble heard,
Where twisting trees a cooling arbour made,
The pleas'd spectators sat beneath the shade ;
The homely stage with rushes green was strew'd,
And in a cart the strolling actors rode :
Till time at length improv'd the great design,
And bade the scenes with painted landskips shine ;
Then art did all the bright machines dispose,
And theatres of Parian marble rose,

Then mimic thunder shook the canvas sky,
And Gods descended from their tow'rs on high.

With caution now let ev'ry youth prepare
To chuse a partner from the mingled Fair;
Vain wou'd be here th' instructing Muse's voice,
If she pretended to direct his choice:
Beauty alone by fancy is exprest,
And charms in diff'rent forms each diff'rent breast;
A snowy skin this am'rous youth admires,
Whilst nut-brown cheeks another's bosom fires,
Small waists, and slender limbs some hearts insnare,
Whilst others love the more substantial Fair.

But let not outward charms your judgment sway,
Your reason rather than your eyes obey,
And in the dance as in the marriage noose,
Rather for merit, than for beauty, choose:
Be her your choice, who knows with perfect skill
When she should move, and when she should be still,
Who uninstructed can perform her share,
And kindly half the pleasing burthen bear.
Unhappy is that hopeless wretch's fate,
Who, fetter'd in the matrimonial state

With

With a poor, simple, unexperienc'd wife,
 Is forc'd to lead the tedious dance of life ;
 And such is his, with such a partner join'd,
 A moving puppet, but without a mind :
 Still must his hand be pointing out the way,
 Yet ne'er can teach so fast as she can stray ;
 Beneath her follies he must ever groan,
 And ever blush for errors not his own.

But now behold united hand in hand,
 Rang'd on each side, the well-pair'd couples stand !
 Each youthful bosom beating with delight,
 Waits the brisk signal for the pleasing fight ;
 While lovely eyes, that flash unusual rays,
 And snowy bosoms pull'd above the stays,
 Quick busy hands, and bridling heads declare
 The fond impatience of the starting Fair.
 And see, the sprightly dance is now begun !
 Now here, now there the giddy maze they run,
 Now with slow steps they pace the circling ring,
 Now all confus'd, too swift for sight they spring :
 So, in a wheel with rapid fury tost,
 The undistinguish'd spokes are in the motion lost.

The

The dancer here no more requires a Guide,
 To no strict steps his nimble feet are ty'd,
 The Muse's precepts here would useleſs be,
 Where all is fancy'd, unconfin'd, and free ;
 Let him but to the muſic's voice attend,
 By this instructed he can ne'er offend ;
 If to his ſhare it falls the dance to lead,
 In well-known paths he may be ſure to tread ;
 If others lead let him their motions view,
 And in their ſteps the winding maze purſue.

In every Country-dance a ſerious mind,
 Turn'd for reflection, can a moral find,
 In Hunt-the-Squirrel thus the nymph we view,
 Seeks when we fly, but flies when we purſue :
 Thus in round-dances where our partners change,
 And unconfin'd from Fair to Fair we range,
 As ſoon as one from his own conſort flies,
 Another ſeizes on the lovely prize ;
 A while the fav'rite youth enjoys her charms,
 Till the next comer ſteals her from his arms,
 New ones ſucceed, the laſt is ſtill her care ;
 How true an emblem of th' inconstant Fair !

Where can philosophers, and sages wise,
 Who read the curious volumes of the skies,
 A model more exact than dancing name
 Of the creation's universal frame ?
 Where worlds unnumber'd o'er th' ætherial way,
 In a bright regular confusion stray ;
 Now here, now there they whirl along the sky,
 Now near approach, and now far distant fly,
 Now meet in the same order they begun,
 And then the great celestial dance is done.

Where can the Mor'lif find a juster plan
 Of the vain labours, and the life of man ?
 A while thro' juggling crowds we toil and sweat,
 And eagerly pursue we know not what,
 Then when our trifling short-liv'd race is run,
 Quite tir'd sit down, just where we first begun.

Tho' to your arms kind fate's indulgent care
 Has giv'n a partner exquisitely fair,
 Let not her charms so much engage your heart,
 That you neglect the skilful dancer's part ;
 Be not, when you the tuneful notes should hear,
 Still whisp'ring idle prattle in her ear ;

When

When you should be employ'd, be not at play,
 Nor for your joys all others steps delay ;
 But when the finish'd dance you once have done,
 And with applause thro' ev'ry couple run,
 There rest a while ; there snatch the fleeting bliss,
 The tender whisper, and the balmy kifs ;
 Each secret wish, each softer hope confess,
 And her moist palm with eager fingers press ;
 With smiles the Fair shall hear your warm desires,
 When music melts her soul, and dancing fires.

Thus mix'd with love, the pleasing toil pursue,
 Till the unwelcome morn appears in view ;
 Then, when approaching day its beams displays,
 And the dull candles shine with fainter rays,
 Then, when the sun just rises o'er the deep,
 And each bright eye is almost set in sleep,
 With ready hand obsequious youths prepare
 Safe to her coach to lead each chosen Fair,
 And guard her from the morn's inclement air :
 Let a warm hood enwrap her lovely head,
 And o'er her neck a handkerchief be spread,

Around

Around her shoulders let this arm be cast,
 Whilst that from cold defends her slender waist;
 With kisses warm her balmy lips shall glow,
 Unchill'd by nightly damps or wintry snow,
 While gen'rous white-wine, mull'd with ginger warm,
 Safely protects her inward frame from harm.

But ever let my lovely pupils fear
 To chill their mantling blood with cold small-beer,
 Ah, thoughtless Fair! the tempting draught refuse,
 When thus forewarn'd by my experienc'd Muse:
 Let the sad consequence your thoughts employ,
 Nor hazard future pains, for present joy;
 Destruction lurks within the pois'nous dose,
 A fatal fever, or a pimpled nose.

'Thus thro' each precept of the dancing art
 The Muse has play'd the kind instructor's part,
 Thro' ev'ry maze her pupils she has led,
 And pointed out the surest paths to tread;
 No more remains; no more the goddess sings,
 But drops her pinions, and unfurls her wings;
 On downy beds the weary'd dancers lie,
 And sleep's silk cords tie down each drowsy eye,

Delightful

Delightful dreams their pleasing sports restore,
And ev'n in sleep they seem to dance once more.

And now the work completely finish'd lies,
Which the devouring teeth of time defies ;
Whilst birds in air, or fish in streams we find,
Or damsels fret with aged partners join'd ;
As long as nymphs shall with attentive ear
A fiddle rather than a sermon hear :
So long the brightest eyes shall oft peruse
These useful lines of my instructive muse ;
Each belle shall wear them wrote upon her fan,
And each bright beau shall read them—if he can.

WRITTEN

WRITTEN IN THE RIGHT MONOURABLE

THE EARL OF OXFORD'S
LIBRARY AT WIMPLE*,

An. 1729.

WHO, uninspir'd, can tread this sacred ground,
 With all the sons of Fame encompass'd round?
 Where, crown'd with wreaths of ever-verdant bays,
 Each sister Art her willing charms displays :

* Wimple Hall, with the estate round it, was formerly the possession of the Cutts family, an ancient family in the county of Cambridge, and a descendant of which was the gallant Lord Cutts, who so frequently distinguished himself in the several sieges and battles during the war in which the great Duke of Marlborough commanded.—This estate was sold by the Cutts family to the famous Sir John Cutler, who settled it on the marriage of his daughter with Lord Radnor. Lord Radnor afterwards sold it to John Hollis, Duke of Newcastle, in the partition of whose estates it came to the Earl of Oxford, who married his only daughter. This he made his country residence, and here was kept his famous library till the time of his death. After his death, it was sold by his family to the Chancellor Lord Hardwicke, from whom it descended to the present Earl Hardwicke.

Mellow'd

Mellow'd by time, here beauteous paintings glow,
 There marble busts illustrious faces show :
 And in old coins are little heroes seen,
 With venerable rust of ages green :
 Around, unwounded by the teeth of age,
 By Gothick fire, and Persecution's rage,
 Perfect and fair unnumber'd volumes stand,
 By Providence preserv'd for OXFORD's hand.

Whilst thus within these magic walls I stray,
 At once all climes and ages I survey :
 On Fancy's wings I fly from shore to shore,
 Recall past time, and live whole æras o'er :
 Converſe with heroes fam'd in ancient ſong,
 And bards, by whom thoſe heroes breathe ſo long :
 Obſerve the quick migrations Learning makes,
 How harraſs'd nations trembling ſhe forſakes,
 And haſtes away to build her downy neſt
 In happier climes, with peace and plenty bleſt.

See how, in fam'd AUGUSTUS' golden days,
 Wit triumphs, crown'd with univerſal praiſe !
 Approaches thrones with a majeſtic air,
 The Prince's miſtreſs, and the Stateſman's care

MECÆNAS

MECÆNAS shines in ev'ry classic page,
 MECÆNAS, once the HARLEY of his age.
 Nor with less glory she her charms display'd,
 In Albion once when Royal ANNA sway'd.
 See OXFORD smiles ! and all the tuneful train,
 In his Britannia's sons revive again ;
 PRIOR, like HORACE, strikes the sounding strings,
 And in harmonious POPE once more great MARO sings.

Again she waves her pinions to be gone,
 And only hopes protection from his son :
 Chas'd from the senate and the court she flies,
 There craft and party zeal her place supplies.
 Yet still, since fix'd in WIMPLE's happy plain,
 (Her last retreat) she knows not to complain.
 There in great OXFORD's converse does engage
 Th' instructed ear, and shames a vicious age ;
 Or in his consort's accents stands confest,
 And charms with graceful ease each list'ning guest ;
 Or with her lov'd companions gladly tied,
 Goodness sincere, and Beauty void of pride,
 Fixes her throne in MARGARETTA's * face,
 And from her lips acquires a new resistless grace.

* Lady Margaret Cavendish Harley, afterwards married to William, the second Duke of Portland.

BONFONIUS*, Bas. XI.

Exoptat se florem illum esse, quo uteretur amica.

ERG O, floscule, tu meæ puellæ
Hoc florente sinu usque conquiesces?

Ergo tu dominæ meæ papillis

Beatus nimis infidebis usque?

O si, floscule, mî tuâ liceret

Ista sorte frui, & meæ puellæ

Incubare sinu, atque desiderare

Hos inter globulos papillarum,

Non sic lentus inersque conquiescam,

Non sic infideam otiosus usque.

Sed toto spatio inquietus errem,

Et feram finui, feramque collo

Mille basia, mille & huic & illi

Impingam globulo osculationes.

Nec

* A poet of the sixteenth century, born at Clermont,
in

To a NOSEGAY in PANCHARILLA's Breast.

WRITTEN IN 1729.

MUST you alone then, happy flow'rs,
 Ye short-liv'd sons of vernal show'rs,
 Must you alone be still thus blest,
 And dwell in PANCHARILLA's breast?
 Oh would the Gods but hear my pray'r,
 To change my form and place me there!
 I should not sure so quickly die,
 I shou'd not so unactive lie;
 But ever wand'ring to and fro,
 From this to that fair ball of snow,
 Enjoy ten thousand thousand blisses
 And print on each ten thousand kisses.

in Auvergne, Lieutenant General of Bar on the Seigne;
 who, of all the moderns, in his Latin poems approaches
 the nearest to the grace, ease, and softness of Tibullus.

Nec mihi satis hæc putes futura :
 Namque & discere curiosus optem,
 Quid discriminis inter hunc & illum,
 Et quantus tumor hujus illiusque ;
 Quantum albedine præstet hic vel ille ;
 Quantum duritie hic vel ille vincat ;
 Sinisterne globus, globusne dexter
 Figura placeat rotundiore ;
 An dexter globus, an globus sinister
 Papilla rubeat rubentior :
 Explore quoque, quo beata ducat
 Illa semita, quæ globos gemellos
 Sic discriminat, & subesse clamat
 Mellitum magis elegansque quiddam :
 Indagem quoque, quicquid est latentis,
 Et labar tacitus, ferarque sensim,
 Usque Cypridis ad beata regna.

At mî PANCHARIDIS meæ papillas
 Nec summo licet ore suaviari,
 Nec levi licet attigisse palmâ.

Nor would I thus the task give o'er ;
 Curious new secrets to explore,
 I'd never rest till I had found
 Which globe was softest, which most round—
 Which was most yielding, smooth, and white,
 Or the left bosom or the right ;
 Which was the warmest, easiest bed,
 And which was tip'd with purest red.

Nor cou'd I leave the beauteous scene,
 Till I had trac'd the path between,
 That milky way so smooth and even,
 That promises to lead to heav'n :
 Lower and lower I'd descend,
 To find where it at last wou'd end ;
 Till fully blest I'd wand'ring rove
 O'er all the fragrant Cyprian grove.

But ah ! those wishes all are vain,
 The fair one triumphs in my pain ;
 To flow'rs that know not to be blest,
 The nymph unveils her snowy breast ;
 While to her slave's desiring eyes,
 The heav'nly prospect she denies :

Nec mihi satis hæc putes futura :
 Namque & discere curiosus optem,
 Quid discriminis inter hunc & illum,
 Et quantus tumor hujus illiusque ;
 Quantum albedine præstet hic vel ille ;
 Quantum duritie hic vel ille vincat ;
 Sinisterne globus, globusne dexter
 Figura placeat rotundiore ;
 An dexter globus, an globus sinister
 Papilla rubeat rubentior :
 Explore quoque, quo beata ducat
 Illa semita, quæ globos gemellos
 Sic discriminat, & subesse clamat
 Mellitum magis elegansque quiddam :
 Indagem quoque, quicquid est latentis,
 Et labar tacitus, ferarque sensim,
 Usque Cypridis ad beata regna.

At mî PANCHARIDIS meæ papillas
 Nec summo licet ore suaviari,
 Nec levi licet attigisse palmâ.

Nor would I thus the task give o'er;
 Curious new secrets to explore,
 I'd never rest till I had found
 Which globe was softest, which most round—
 Which was most yielding, smooth, and white,
 Or the left bosom or the right;
 Which was the warmest, easiest bed,
 And which was tip'd with purest red.

Nor cou'd I leave the beauteous scene,
 Till I had trac'd the path between,
 That milky way so smooth and even,
 That promises to lead to heav'n:
 Lower and lower I'd descend,
 To find where it at last wou'd end;
 Till fully blest I'd wand'ring rove
 O'er all the fragrant Cyprian grove.

But ah! those wishes all are vain,
 The fair one triumphs in my pain;
 To flow'rs that know not to be blest,
 The nymph unveils her snowy breast;
 While to her slave's desiring eyes,
 The heav'nly prospect she denies:

O fortem nimis asperam atque iniquam !
 Tantillum illa negat mihi petenti,
 Tantillum illa negat mihi scienti ;
 Quæ tantum huic tribuit nec id petenti,
 Quæ tantum huic tribuit nec id scienti.



Too cruel fate, too cruel Fair,
 To place a senseless nosegay there,
 And yet refuse my lips the bliss
 To taste one dear transporting kiss.



[40]

A N

E P I S T L E,

Written in the COUNTRY,

T O T H E

Right Hon. the Lord LOVELACE * then in Town.

S E P T E M B E R, 1735.

IN days, my Lord, when mother Time,
Tho' now grown old, was in her prime,
When SATURN first began to rule,
And JOVE was hardly come from school,
How happy was a country life !
How free from wickedness and strife !

* Nevil Lord Lovelace was one of those with whom the author made a friendship on his first coming into the world, uninterrupted till his death, which happened at an early period of his life.—There appear strong marks of his affection for him, in some letters wrote to his lordship's sister, the late Lady Harry Beauclerc, now in the possession of her descendants.—He was a man of letters, a friend to the Muses, and highly fashioned according to the breeding of those days.

Then

Then each man liv'd upon his farm,
 And thought and did no mortal harm ;
 On mossy banks fair virgins slept,
 As harmless as the flocks they kept ;
 Then love was all they had to do,
 And nymphs were chaste, and swains were true.

But now, whatever poets write,
 'Tis sure the case is alter'd quite,
 Virtue no more in rural plains,
 Or innocence, or peace remains ;
 But vice is in the cottage found,
 And country girls are oft unsound ;
 Fierce party rage each village fires,
 With wars of justices and 'squires ;
 Attorneys, for a barley-straw,
 Whole ages hamper folks in law,
 And ev'ry neighbour's in a flame
 About their rates, or tythes, or game :
 Some quarrel for their hares and pigeons,
 And some for diff'rence in religions :
 Some hold their parson the best preacher,
 The tinker some a better teacher ;

These,

These, to the church they fight for strangers,
 Have faith in nothing but her dangers;
 While these, a more believing people,
 Can swallow all things —— but a steeple.

But I, my Lord, who, as you know,
 Care little how these matters go,
 And equally detest the strife
 And usual joys of country life,
 Have by good fortune little share
 Of its diversions, or its care;
 For seldom I with 'squires unite,
 Who hunt all day and drink all night;
 Nor reckon wonderful inviting,
 A quarter-sessions, or cock-fighting,
 But then no farm I occupy,
 With sheep to rot, and cows to die:
 Nor rage I much, or much despair,
 Tho' in my hedge I find a snare;
 Nor view I, with due admiration,
 All the high honours here in fashion;
 The great commissions of the quorum,
 Terrors to all who come before 'em;

Militia

Militia scarlet edg'd with gold,
 Or the white staff high sheriffs hold;
 The representative's careffing,
 The judge's bow, the bishop's blessing;
 Nor can I for my foul delight
 In the dull feast of neighb'ring knight,
 Who, if you send three days before,
 In white gloves meets you at the door,
 With superfluity of breeding
 First makes you sick, and then with feeding:
 Or if, with ceremony cloy'd,
 You would next time such plagues avoid,
 And visit without previous notice,
 JOHN, JOHN, a coach!—I can't think who 'tis,
 My lady cries, who spies your coach,
 Ere you the avenue approach;
 Lord, how unlucky!—washing day!
 And all the men are in the hay!
 Entrance to gain is something hard,
 The dogs all bark, the gates are barr'd;
 The yard's with lines of linen cross'd,
 The hall door's lock'd, the key is lost;

These

These difficulties all o'ercome,
 We reach at length the drawing-room;
 Then there's such trampling over-head,
 Madam, you'd swear, was brought to bed;
 Miss in a hurry bursts her lock,
 To get clean sleeves to hide her smock;
 The servants run, the pewter clatters,
 My lady dresses, calls, and chatters;
 The cook-maid raves for want of butter,
 Pigs squeak, fowls scream, and green geese flutter.
 Now after three hours tedious waiting,
 On all our neighbours faults debating,
 And having nine times view'd the garden,
 In which there's nothing worth a farthing,
 In comes my lady, and the pudden:
 You will excuse, sir,—on a sudden—
 Then, that we may have four and four,
 The bacon, fowls, and collyflow'r
 Their ancient unity divide,
 The top one graces, one each side;
 And by and by, the second course
 Comes lagging like a distanc'd horse;

A falver

A falver then to church and king,
 The butler sweats, the glasses ring ;
 The cloth remov'd, the toasts go round,
 Bawdy and politics abound ;
 And as the knight more tipsy waxes,
 We damn all ministers and taxes.
 At last the ruddy sun quite sunk,
 The coachman tolerably drunk,
 Whirling o'er hillocks, ruts, and stones,
 Enough to dislocate one's bones,
 We home return, a wond'rous token
 Of Heaven's kind care, with limbs unbroken.
 Afflict us not, ye Gods, tho' finners,
 With many days like this, or dinners !

But if civilities thus tease me,
 Nor business, nor diversions please me :
 You'll ask, my Lord, how time I spend ?
 I answer, with a book or friend :
 The circulating hours dividing
 'Twixt reading, walking, eating, riding
 But books are still my highest joy,
 These earliest please, and latest cloy.

Sometimes

Sometimes o'er distant climes I stray,
 By guides experienc'd taught the way ;
 The wonders of each region view,
 From frozen LAPLAND to PERU ;
 Bound o'er rough seas, and mountains bare,
 Yet ne'er forsake my elbow chair.
 Sometimes some fam'd historian's pen
 Recalls past ages back agen,
 Where all I see, thro' ev'ry page,
 Is but how men, with senseless rage,
 Each other rob, destroy, and burn,
 To serve a priest's, or statesman's turn ;
 Tho' loaded with a diff'rent aim,
 Yet always assies much the same.
 Sometimes I view with much delight,
 Divines their holy game-cocks fight ;
 Here faith and works, at variance set,
 Strive hard who shall the vict'ry get ;
 Presbytery and episcopacy
 They fight so long, it would amaze ye :
 Here free-will holds a fierce dispute
 With reprobation absolute ;

There sense kicks tranſubſtantiation,
 And reaſon pecks at revelation.
 With learned NEWTON now I fly
 O'er all the rolling orbs on high,
 Viſit new worlds, and for a minute
 This old one ſcorn, and all that's in it :
 And now with lab'ring BOYLE I trace
 Nature through ev'ry winding maze,
 The latent qualities admire
 Of vapours, water, air, and fire :
 With pleaſing admiration ſee
 Matter's ſurpriſing ſubtilty ;
 As how the ſmalleſt lamp diſplays,
 For miles around, it's ſcatter'd rays ;
 Or how (the caſe ſtill more t' explain)
 * A fart, that weighs not half a grain,
 The atmosphere will oft perfume
 Of a whole ſpacious drawing-room.
 Sometimes I paſs a whole long day
 In happy indolence away,
 In fondly meditating o'er
 Paſt pleaſures, and in hoping more :

* See Boyle's Experiments.

Or wander thro' the fields and woods,
 And gardens bath'd in circling floods,
 There blooming flowers with rapture view,
 And sparkling gems of morning dew,
 Whence in my mind ideas rise
 Of CÆLIA's cheeks, and CHLOE's eyes.

'Tis thus, my Lord, I free from strife
 Spend an inglorious country life ;
 'These are the joys I still pursue,
 When absent from the town and you ;
 Thus pass long summer suns away,
 Busily idle, calmly gay :
 Nor great, nor mean, nor rich, nor poor,
 Not having much, nor wishing more ;
 Except that you, when weary grown
 Of all the follies of the town,
 And seeing, in all public places,
 The same vain fops and painted faces,
 Would sometimes kindly condescend
 To visit a dull country friend :
 Here you'll be ever sure to meet
 A hearty welcome tho' no treat,

One who has nothing else to do,
 But to divert himself and you :
 A house, where quiet guards the door,
 No rural wits smoke, drink, and roar,
 Choice books, safe horses, wholesome liquor,
 Clean girls, backgammon, and the vicar,

A N
E S S A Y
O N
V I R T U E.

Atque ipsa utilitas justī prope mater & æqui.

HOR.

A N
E S S A Y
O N
V I R T U E.

To the Hon. PHILIP YORKE, Esq.

THOU, whom nor honours, wealth, nor youth
can spoil

With the least vice of each luxuriant foil,
Say, YORKE, (for sure, if any, thou canst tell)
What Virtue is, who practise it so well;
Say, where inhabits this Sultana queen;
Prais'd and ador'd by all, but rarely seen:
By what sure mark her essence can we trace,
When each religion, faction, age, and place
Sets up some fancy'd idol of its own,
A vain pretender to her sacred throne?
In man too oft a well-dissembled part,
A self-denying pride in woman's heart;

In synods faith, and in the fields of fame
 Valour usurps her honours, and her name ;
 Whoe'er their sense of virtue wou'd exprefs,
 'Tis still by something they themselves possess.
 Hence youth good-humour, frugal craft old-age,
 Warm politicians term it party-rage,
 True churchmen zeal right orthodox ; and hence
 Fools think it gravity, and wits pretence ;
 To constancy alone fond lovers join it,
 And maids unask'd to chastity confine it.

But have we then no law besides our will ?
 No just criterion fix'd to good and ill ?
 As well at noon we may obstruct our sight,
 Then doubt if such a thing exists as light ;
 For no less plain wou'd nature's law appear
 As the meridian sun unchang'd, and clear,
 Wou'd we but search for what we were design'd,
 And for what end th' Almighty form'd mankind ;
 A rule of life we then should plainly see,
 For to pursue that end must virtue be.

Then what is that ? not want of power, or fame,
 Or worlds unnumber'd to applaud his name,

But a desire his blessings to diffuse,
 And fear lest millions shou'd existence lose ;
 His goodness only cou'd his power employ,
 And an eternal warmth to propagate his joy.

Hence soul and sense diffus'd thro' ev'ry place,
 Make happiness as infinite as space ;
 Thousands of suns beyond each other blaze,
 Orbs roll o'er orbs, and glow with mutual rays ;
 Each is a world, where form'd with wond'rous art,
 Unnumber'd species live thro' ev'ry part :
 In ev'ry tract of ocean, earth, and skies,
 Myriads of creatures still successive rise ;
 Scarce buds a leaf, or springs the vilest weed,
 But little flocks upon its verdure feed ;
 No fruit our palate courts, or flow'r our smell,
 But on its fragrant bosom nations dwell,
 All form'd with proper faculties to share
 The daily bounties of their Maker's care :
 The great Creator from his heav'nly throne,
 Pleas'd on the wide-expanded joy looks down,
 And his eternal law is only this,
 That all contribute to the general bliss.

Nature so plain this primal law displays,
 Each living creature sees it, and obeys ;
 Each, form'd for all, promotes thro' private care
 The public good, and justly tastes its share.
 All understand their great Creator's will,
 Strive to be happy, and in that fulfil ;
 Mankind excepted, lord of all beside,
 But only slave to folly, vice, and pride ;
 'Tis he that's deaf to this command alone,
 Delights in others woe, and courts his own ;
 Racks and destroys with tort'ring steel and flame,
 For lux'ry brutes, and man himself for fame ;
 Sets Superstition high on Virtue's throne,
 Then thinks his Maker's temper like his own ;
 Hence are his altars stain'd with reeking gore,
 As if he cou'd atone for crimes by more :
 Hence whilst offended Heav'n he strives in vain
 T' appease by fasts and voluntary pain,
 Ev'n in repenting he provokes again.

How easy is our yoke ! how light our load !
 Did we not strive to mend the laws of God :

For

For his own sake no duty he can ask,
 The common welfare is our only task :
 For this sole end his precepts, kind as just,
 Forbid intemperance, murder, theft, and lust,
 With ev'ry act injurious to our own
 Or others good, for such are crimes alone :
 For this are peace, love, charity enjoin'd,
 With all that can secure and bless mankind.
 Thus is the public safety Virtue's cause,
 And happiness the end of all her laws ;
 For such by nature is the human frame,
 Our duty and our int'rest are the same.

But hold, cries out some Puritan divine,
 Whose well-stuff'd cheeks with ease and plenty shine,
 Is this to fast, to mortify, refrain,
 And work salvation out with fear and pain ?
 We own the rigid lessons of their schools
 Are widely diff'rent from these easy rules ;
 Virtue, with them, is only to abstain
 From all that nature asks, and covet pain ;
 Pleasure and vice are ever near a-kin,
 And, if we thirst, cold water is a sin :

Heav'n's

Heav'n's path is rough and intricate, they say,
 Yet all are damn'd that trip, or miss their way ;
 God is a Being cruel and severe,
 And man a wretch, by his command plac'd here,
 In sun-shine for a while to take a turn,
 Only to dry and make him fit to burn.

Mistaken men, too piously severe !
 Thro' craft misleading, or misled by fear ;
 How little they God's counsels comprehend,
 Our universal parent, guardian, friend !
 Who, forming by degrees to bliss mankind,
 'This globe our sportive nursery assign'd,
 Where for a while his fond paternal care
 Feasts us with ev'ry joy our state can bear :
 Each sense, touch, taste, and smell dispense delight,
 Music our hearing, beauty charms our sight ;
 Trees, herbs, and flow'rs to us their spoils resign,
 Its pearl the rock presents, its gold the mine ;
 Beasts, fowl, and fish their daily tribute give
 Of food and cloaths, and die that we may live :
 Seasons but change, new pleasures to produce,
 And elements contend to serve our use :

Love's

Love's gentle shafts, ambition's tow'ring wings,
 The pomps of senates, churches, courts, and kings,
 All that our rev'rence, joy, or hope create,
 Are the gay play-things of this infant state.
 Scarcely an ill to human life belongs,
 But what our follies cause, or mutual wrongs ;
 Or if some stripes from Providence we feel,
 He strikes with pity, and but wounds to heal ;
 Kindly perhaps sometimes afflicts us here,
 To guide our views to a sublimer sphere,
 In more exalted joys to fix our taste,
 And wean us from delights that cannot last.
 Our present good the easy task is made,
 To earn superior bliss, when this shall fade :
 For, soon as e'er these mortal pleasures cloy,
 His hand shall lead us to sublimer joy ;
 Snatch us from all our little sorrows here,
 Calm ev'ry grief, and dry each childish tear ;
 Waft us to regions of eternal peace,
 Where bliss and virtue grow with like increase ;
 From strength to strength our souls for ever guide,
 Thro' wondrous scenes of being yet untry'd,

Where

Where in each stage we shall more perfect grow;
And new perfections, new delights bestow.

Oh! would mankind but make these truths their
guide;

And force the helm from prejudice and pride,
Were once these maxims fix'd, that God's our friend,
Virtue our good, and happiness our end,
How soon must reason o'er the world prevail,
And error, fraud, and superstition fail!
None wou'd hereafter then with groundless fear,
Describe th' Almighty cruel and severe,
Predestinating some without pretence
To heav'n, and some to hell for no offence;
Inflicting endless pains for transient crimes,
And favouring sects or nations, men or times.
To please him none would foolishly forbear
Or food, or rest, or itch in shirts of hair,
Or deem it merit to believe or teach
What reason contradicts, within its reach;
None would fierce zeal for piety mistake,
Or malice for whatever tenets sake,
Or think salvation to one sect confin'd,
And heav'n too narrow to contain mankind.

No more then nymphs, by long neglect grown nice,
 Wou'd in one female frailty sum up vice,
 And censure those, who nearer to the right
 Think virtue is but to dispense delight *.

No servile tenets would admittance find,
 Destructive of the rights of human kind;
 Of power divine, hereditary right,
 And non-resistance to a tyrant's might:
 For sure that all shou'd thus for one be curs'd,
 Is but great nature's edict just revers'd.

No moralists then righteous to excess,
 Wou'd shew fair Virtue in so black a dress,
 That they, like boys, who some feign'd sprite array,
 First from the spectre fly themselves away:
 No preachers in the terrible delight,
 But chuse to win by reason, not affright;

* These lines mean only, that Censoriousness is a vice more odious than Unchastity; this always proceeding from malevolence, that sometimes from too much good-nature and compliance.

Not,

Not, conjurors like, in fire and brimstone dwell,
And draw each moving argument from hell.

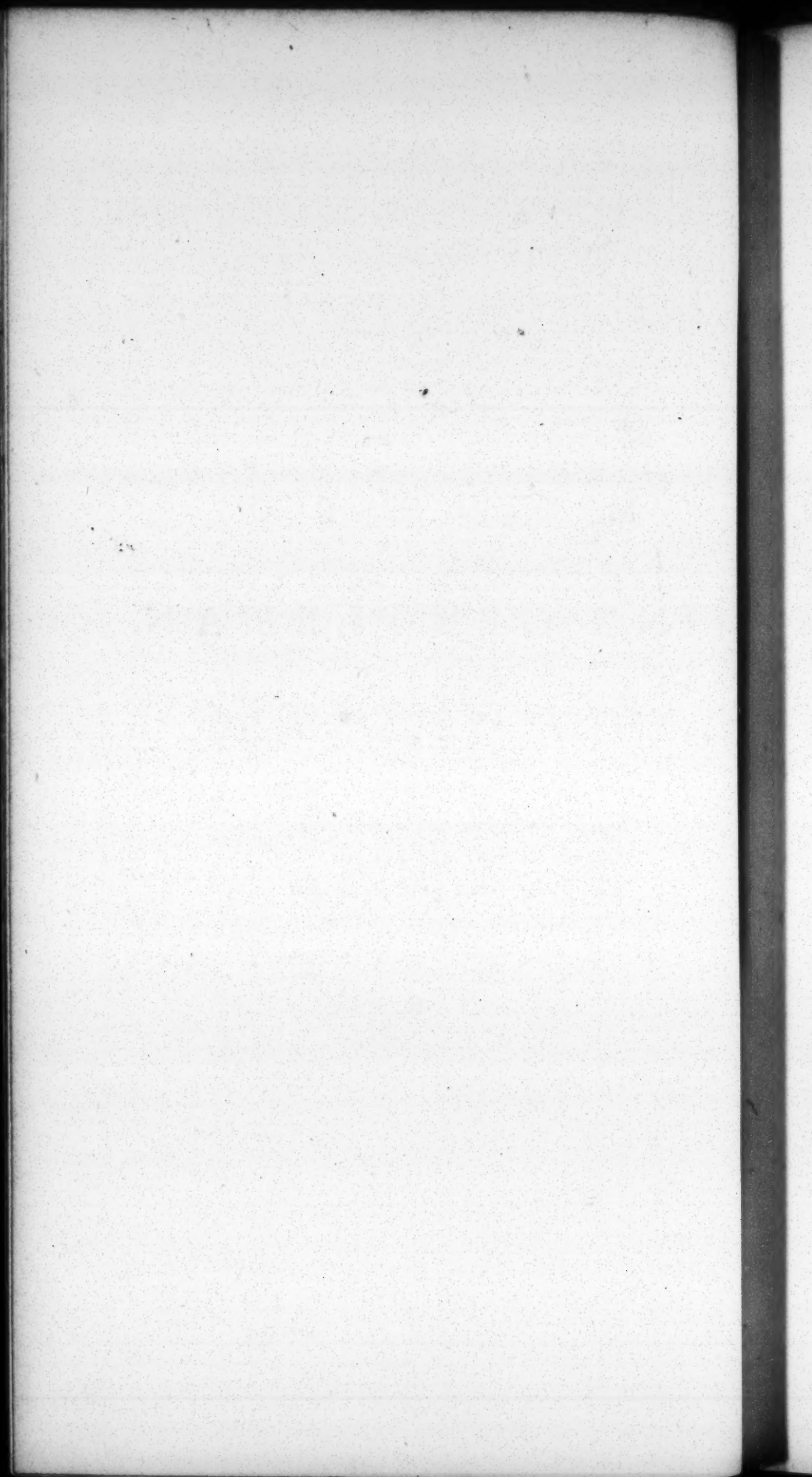
No more our sage interpreters of laws
Wou'd fatten on obscurities, and flaws,
But rather, nobly careful of their trust,
Strive to wipe off the long-contracted dust,
And be, like HARDWICKE, guardians of the just. }

No more applause would on ambition wait,
And laying waste the world be counted great,
But one good-natur'd act more praises gain,
Than armies overthrown, and thousands slain ;
No more would brutal rage disturb our peace,
But envy, hatred, war, and discord cease ;
Our own and others' good each hour employ,
And all things smile with universal joy ;
Virtue with Happiness, her consort, join'd, }
Would regulate and bless each human mind,
And man be what his Maker first design'd. }

T H E
M O D E R N
FINE GENTLEMAN.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1746.

*Quale Portentum neque militaris
Daunia in latis alit esculetis,
Nec Jubbæ tellus generat, leonum
Arida nutrix.*



T H E
M O D E R N
F I N E G E N T L E M A N .

JUST broke from school, pert, impudent, and raw,
 Expert in Latin, more expert in taw,
 His Honour posts o'er ITALY and FRANCE,
 Measures St. PETER's dome, and learns to dance.
 Thence, having quick thro' various countries flown,
 Glean'd all their follies and expos'd his own,
 He back returns, a thing so strange all o'er,
 As never ages past produc'd before ;
 A monster of such complicated worth,
 As no one single clime could e'er bring forth ;
 Half atheist, papist, gamester, bubble, rook,
 Half fidler, coachman, dancer, groom, and cook.

Next, because bus'ness ~~is~~ now all the vogue,
 And who'd be quite polite must be a rogue,
 In parliament he purchases a seat,
 To make th' accomplish'd gentleman compleat.

There safe in self-sufficient impudence,
 Without experience, honesty, or sense,
 Unknowing in her int'rest, trade, or laws,
 He vainly undertakes his country's cause :
 Forth from his lips, prepar'd at all to rail,
 Torrents of nonsense burst, like bottled ale,
 * Tho' shallow, muddy ; brisk, tho' mighty dull ;
 Fierce without strength ; o'erflowing, tho' not full.

Now quite a Frenchman in his garb and air,
 His neck yok'd down with bag and solitaire,
 The liberties of BRITAIN he supports,
 And storms at place-men, ministers, and courts ;
 Now in cropt greasy hair, and leather breeches,
 He loudly bellows out his patriot speeches ;
 King, lords, and commons ventures to abuse,
 Yet dares to shew those ears, he ought to lose.
 From hence to WHITE's our virtuous CATO flies, }
 There sits with countenance erect and wise, }
 And talks of games of whist, and pig-tail pies ; }

* Parody on these lines of Sir John Denham.

Tho' deep, yet clear, tho' gentle yet not dull,
 Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full.

Plays

Plays all the night, nor doubts each law to break,
 Himself unknowingly has help'd to make ;
 Trembling and anxious, flakes his utmost groat,
 Peeps o'er his cards, and looks as if he thought :
 Next morn disowns the losses of the night,
 Because the fool would fain be thought a bite.

Devoted thus to politics, and cards,
 Nor mirth, nor wine, nor women he regards,
 So far is ev'ry virtue from his heart,
 That not a gen'rous vice can claim a part ;
 Nay, lest one human passion e'er should move
 His soul to friendship, tenderness, or love,
 To FIGG and BROUGHTON he commits his breast,
 To steel it to the fashionable test.

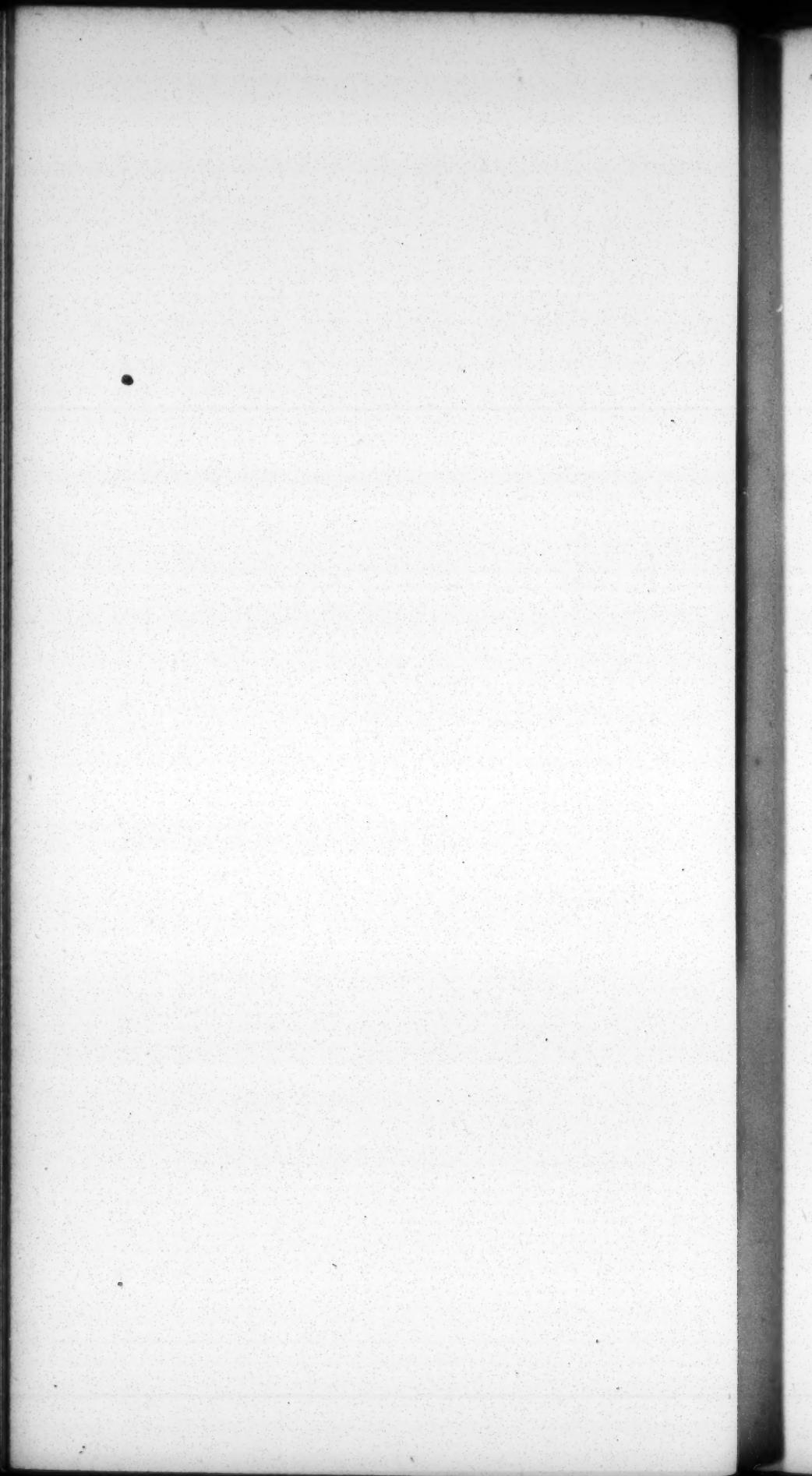
Thus poor in wealth, he labours to no end,
 Wretched alone, in crowds without a friend ;
 Insensible to all that's good or kind,
 Deaf to all merit, to all beauty blind ;
 For love too busy, and for wit too grave,
 A harden'd, sober, proud, luxurious knave ;
 By little actions striving to be great,
 And proud to be, and to be thought a cheat.

And yet in this so bad is his success,
 That as his fame improves, his rents grow less;
 On parchment wings his acres take their flight,
 And his unpeopled groves admit the light;
 With his estate his int'rest too is done,
 His honest borough seeks a warmer sun;
 For him, now cash and liquor flows no more,
 His independent voters cease to roar:
 And BRITAIN soon must want the great defence
 Of all his honesty, and eloquence,
 But that the gen'rous youth, more anxious grown
 For public liberty than for his own,
 Marries some jointur'd antiquated crone:
 And boldly, when his country is at stake,
 Braves the deep yawning gulph, like CURTIUS, for its
 fate.

Quickly again distress'd for want of coin,
 He digs no longer in th' exhausted mine,
 But seeks preferment, as the last resort,
 Cringes each morn at levées, bows at court,
 And, from the hand he hates, implores support:
 The minister, well pleas'd at small expence
 To silence so much rude impertinence,

With

With squeeze and whisper yields to his demands,
 And on the venal list enroll'd he stands ;
 A ribband and a pension buy the slave,
 This bribes the fool about him, that the knave.
 And now arriv'd at his meridian glory,
 He sinks apace, despis'd by Whig and Tory ;
 Of independence now he talks no more,
 Nor shakes the senate with his patriot roar,
 But silent votes, and, with court-trappings hung,
 Eyes his own glitt'ring star, and holds his tongue,
 In craft political a bankrupt made,
 He sticks to gaming, as the surer trade ;
 Turns downright sharper, lives by sucking blood,
 And grows, in short, the very thing he wou'd :
 Hunts out young heirs, who have their fortunes spent,
 And lends them ready cash at cent per cent,
 Lays wagers on his own, and others lives,
 Fights uncles, fathers, grandmothers, and wives,
 Till death at length, indignant to be made
 The daily subject of his sport and trade,
 Veils with his fable hand the wretch's eyes,
 And, groaning for the betts he loses by't, he dies.

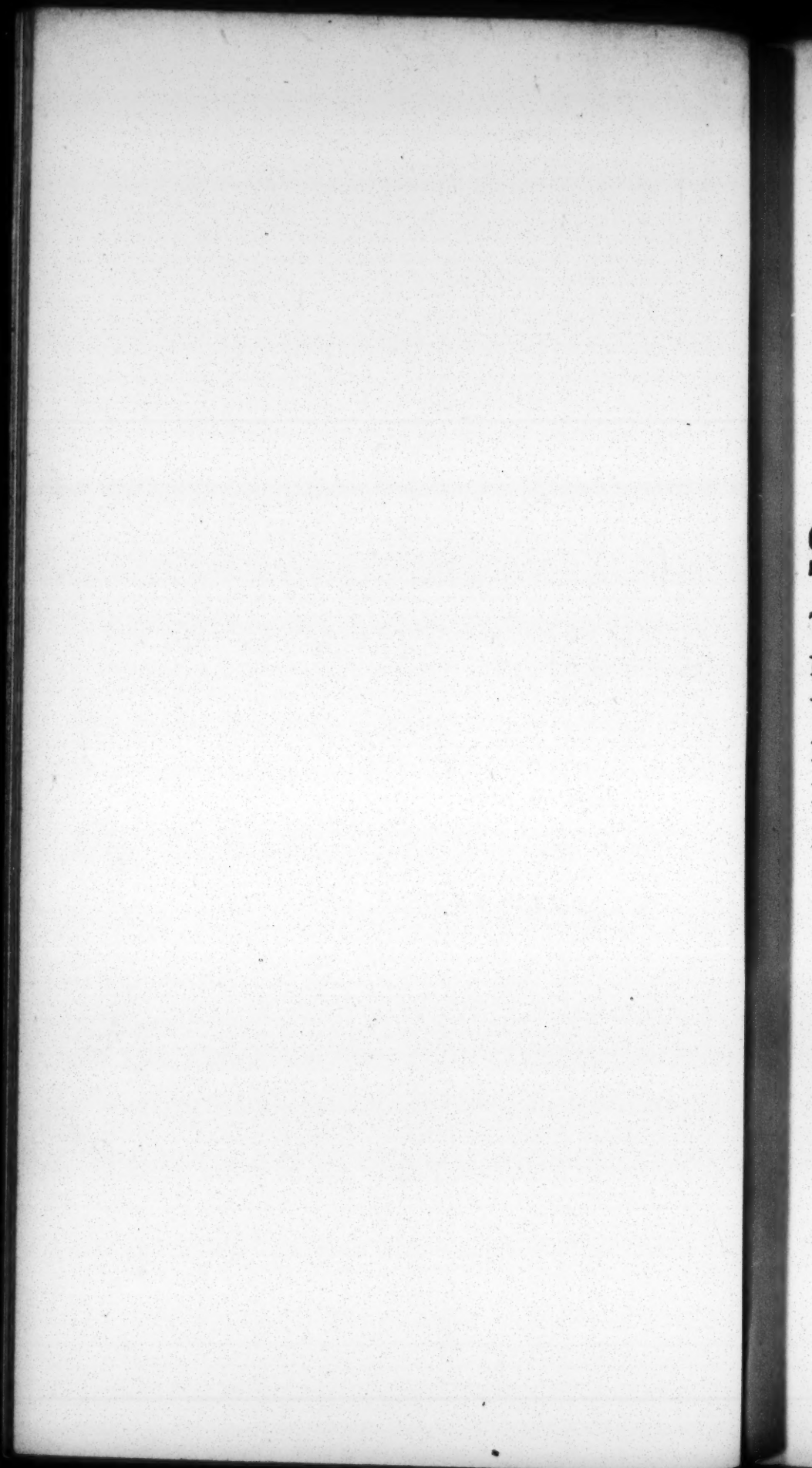


THE
MODERN
FINE LADY.

——— *Miseri quibus*
Intentata nites.

HOR:

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1750.



T H E
M O D E R N
F I N E L A D Y.

S KILL'D in each art, that can adorn the Fair,
The sprightly dance, the soft *Italian* air,
The tofs of quality and high-bred fleer,
Now Lady HARRIOT reach'd her fifteenth year :
Wing'd with diverfions all her moments flew,
Each, as it pafs'd, prefenting fomething new ;
Breakfafts and auctions wear the morn away,
Each ev'ning gives an opera, or a play ;
Then *Brag's* eternal joys all night remain,
And kindly ufher in the morn again.

For love no time has fhe, or inclination,
Yet muft coquet it for the fake of fafhion ;
For this fhe liften to each fop that's near,
Th' embroider'd colonel flatters with a sneer,
And the cropt enfig nuzzles in her ear.

}
But

But with most warmth her dress and airs inspire
 Th' ambitious bosom of the landed 'squire,
 Who fain would quit plump DOLLY's softer charms,
 For wither'd, lean, *Right Honourable* arms ;
 He bows with reverence at her sacred shrine,
 And treats her as if sprung from race divine ;
 Which she returns with insolence and scorn,
 Nor deigns to smile on a Plebeian born.

Ere long, by friends, by cards, and lovers cross'd,
 Her fortune, health, and reputation lost ;
 Her money gone, yet not a tradesman paid,
 Her fame, yet she still damn'd to be a maid,
 Her spirits sink, her nerves are so unstrung,
 * She weeps, if but a handsome thief is hung :
 By mercers, lacemen, mantua-makers prest,
 But most for ready cash for play distress,
 Where can she turn?—The 'squire must all repair,
 She condescends to listen to his pray'r,
 And marries him at length in mere despair. }

* Some of the brightest eyes were at this time in tears for
 one Maclean, condemned for a robbery on the highway.

But soon th' endearments of a husband cloy,
 Her soul, her frame incapable of joy :
 She feels no transports in the bridal-bed,
 Of which so oft sh'has heard, so much has read ;
 Then vex'd, that she should be condemn'd alone
 To seek in vain this philosophic stone,
 To abler tutors she resolves t' apply,
 A prostitute from curiosity :

Hence men of ev'ry sort, and ev'ry size,
 * Impatient for Heav'n's cordial drop, she tries ;
 The fribbling beau, the rough unwieldy clown,
 The ruddy Templar newly on the town,
 The Hibernian captain of gigantic make,
 The brimful parson, and th' exhausted rake.

But still malignant fate her wish denies,
 Cards yield superior joys, to cards she flies ;
 All night from *rout* to *rout* her chairmen run,
 Again she plays, and is again undone.

* The cordial drop Heav'n in our cup has thrown,
 To make the nauseous draught of life go down.

ROCH.

Behold

Behold her now in ruin's frightful jaws !
 Bonds, judgments, executions ope their paws ;
 Seize jewels, furniture, and plate, nor spare
 The gilded chariot, or the tassell'd chair ;
 For lonely seat she's forc'd to quit the town,
 And TUBBS* conveys the wretched exile down.

Now rumbling o'er the stones of *Tyburn Road*,
 Ne'er prest with a more griev'd or guilty load,
 She bids adieu to all the well-known streets,
 And envies every cinder-wench she meets ;
 And now the dreaded country first appears,
 With sighs unfeign'd the dying noise she hears
 Of distant coaches fainter by degrees,
 Then starts, and trembles at the sight of trees.
 Silent and sullen, like some captive queen,
 She's drawn along unwilling to be seen,
 Until at length appears the ruin'd *Hall*
 Within the grass-green moat and ivy'd wall,
 The doleful prison where for ever she,
 But not, alas ! her griefs, must bury'd be.

* A person well known for supplying people of quality
 with hired equipages.

Her coach the curate and the tradesmen meet,
 Great-coated tenants her arrival greet,
 And boys with stubble bonfires light the street,
 While bells her ears with tongues discordant grate,
 Types of the nuptial ties they celebrate :
 But no rejoicings can unbend her brow,
 Nor deigns she to return one awkward bow,
 But bounces in, disdaining once to speak,
 And wipes the trickling tear from off her cheek.

Now see her in the sad decline of life,
 A peevish mistress, and a sulky wife ;
 Her nerves unbrac'd, her faded cheek grown pale
 With many a real, many a fancy'd ail ;
 Of cards, admirers, equipage bereft,
 Her insolence, and title only left ;
 Severely humbled to her one-horse chair,
 And the low pastimes of a country fair :
 Too wretched to endure one lonely day,
 Too proud one friendly visit to repay,
 Too indolent to read, too criminal to pray.
 At length half dead, half mad, and quite confin'd,
 Shunning, and shun'd by all of human kind,

Ev'n

Ev'n robb'd of the last comfort of her life,
Insulting the poor curate's callous wife,
Pride, disappointed pride, now stops her breath,
And with true scorpion rage she stings herself to death.



Horatii Ep. I. Lib. II. ad Augustum.

THE
FIRST EPISTLE
OF THE
SECOND BOOK OF HORACE,
IMITATED.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
PHILIP, LORD HARDWICKE,
Lord High Chancellor of Great Britain.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1748.

r

in

fe

fe

g

c

n

la

i

e

p

i

f

t

f

v

n

c

c

t

A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

THE following piece is a burlesque imitation : a species of poetry, whose chief excellence consists in a lucky and humorous application of the words and sentiments of any author to a new subject totally different from the original. This is what is usually forgot both by the writers and readers of these kind of compositions ; the first of whom are apt to strike out new and independent thoughts of their own, and the latter to admire such injudicious excrescences : these immediately lose sight of their original, and those scarce ever cast an eye towards him at all. It is thought proper therefore to advertise the reader, that in the following epistle he is to expect nothing more than an appropriate conversion of the serious sentiments of Horace on the Roman poetry, into more ludicrous ones on the subject of English politics ; and if he thinks it not worth while to compare it line for line with the original, he will find in it neither wit, humour, nor even common sense ; all the little merit it can pretend to consisting solely in the closeness of so long, and uninterrupted an imitation.

VOL. I.

G

HORATII

H O R A T I I

Ep. I. Lib. II.

A D A U G U S T U M,

^a CUM tot sustineas, & tanta negotia solus,
 Res Italas armis tuteris, moribus ornes,
 Legibus emendes, in publica commoda peccem,
 Si longo sermone morer tua tempora, Cæsar.

^b Romulus, & Liber pater, & cum Castore Pollux,
 Post ingentia facta, deorum in templa recepti,
 Dum terras hominumque colunt genus, aspera bella
 Componunt, agros assignant, oppida condunt,

Ploravere

T H E
F I R S T E P I S T L E
O F T H E
S E C O N D B O O K O F H O R A C E ,
I M I T A T E D .

^a **W**HILST you, my lord, such various toils
sustain,

Preside o'er Britain's Peers, her laws explain,

With ev'ry virtue ev'ry heart engage,

And live the bright example of the age,

With tedious verse to trespass on your time,

5

Is sure impertinence, if not a crime.

^b All the fam'd heroes, statesmen, admirals,

Who after death within the sacred walls

Of WESTMINSTER with kings have been receiv'd,

Met with but sorry treatment, while they liv'd; 10

And tho' they labour'd in their country's cause,

With arms defended her, and form'd with laws,

G 2

Yet

Ploravere fuis non respondere favorem
 Speratum meritis : ^c diram qui contudit hydram,
 Notaque fatali portenta labore subegit,
 Comperit invidiam supremo fine domari :
^d Urit enim fulgore suo qui prægravat artes,
 Infra se positas ; extinctus amabitur idem.
^e Presenti tibi maturos largimur honores,
 Jurandasque tuum per nomen ponimus aras,
^f Nil oriturum alias, nil ortum tale fatentes.
^g Sed tuus hic populus sapiens & justus in uno,
 Te nostris ducibus, te Graiis ante ferendo,
 Cætera nequaquam simili ratione modoque
 Æstimat, & nisi quæ terris semota, suisque
 Temporibus defuncta videt, fastidit, & odit.
^h Sic fautor veterum, ut tabulas peccare vetantes
 Quas bis quinque viri sanxerunt, fœdera regum
 Vel Gabiis, vel cum rigidis æquata Sabinis,

Yet ever mourn'd they till'd a barren foil,
 And left the world ungrateful to their toil.
 ' Ev'n * He, who long the House of Com--ns led, 15
 That Hydra dire, with many a gaping head,
 Found by experience, to his latest breath,
 Envy could only be subdu'd by death.
 ' Great men whilst living must expect disgraces,
 Dead they're ador'd—when none desire their places. 20
 ' This common fate, my lord, attends not you,
 Above all equal, and all envy too ;
 With such unrivall'd eminence you shine,
 That in this truth alone all parties join,
 The seat of justice in no former reign 25
 ' Was e'er so greatly fill'd, nor ever can again.
 ' But tho' the people are so just to you,
 To none besides will they allow their due,
 No minister approve, who is not dead,
 Nor till h' has lost it, own he had a head ; 30
 ' Yet such respect they bear to ancient things,
 They've some for former ministers and kings ;

* Sir R—— W——.

G 3

And,

Pontificum libros, annosa volumina Vatum,
 Dictitet Albano Musis in monte locutas.

³ Si quia Græcorum sunt antiquissima quæque
 Scripta vel optima, Romani pensantur eadem
 Scriptores trutina, non est quod multa loquamur :
 Nil intra est oleam, nil extra est in nuce duri :

TS

^k Venimus ad summam fortunæ : pingimus atque

^l Psallimus, & luctamur Achivis doctior ipsis.

^m Si meliora dies, ut vina, poemata reddit,
 Scire velim, pretium chartis quotus arroget annus ?
 Scriptor abhinc annos centum, qui decidit, inter
 Perfectos, veteresne referri debet ? an inter
 Viles, atque novos ? excludat jurgia finis.

ⁿ Est vetus, atque probus, centum qui perficit annos ?
 Quid qui deperiit minor uno mense, vel anno,
 Inter quos referendus erit ? veteresne poetas,
 An quos & præfens, & postera respuet ætas ?
 Iste quidem veteres inter ponetur honeste,
 Qui vel mense brevi vel toto est junior anno.
 Utor permissio, caudæque pilos ut equinæ
 • Paulatim vello, & demo unum, demo etiam unum ;
 Dum cadat elusus ratione ruentis acervi,

Qui

And, with a kind of superstitious awe,
Deem Magna Charta still a sacred law.

ⁱ But, if because the government was best 35
Of old in FRANCE, when freedom she possess'd,
In the same scale resolv'd to weigh our own,
ENGLAND's we judge was so, who then had none;
Into most strange absurdities we fall,
Unworthy to be reason'd with at all. 40

^k Brought to perfection in these days we see
All arts, and their great parent Liberty;
^l With skill profound we sing, eat, dress, and dance,
And in each goût polite, excel ev'n FRANCE.

^m If age of ministers is then the test, 45
And, as of wines, the oldest are the best,
Let's try and fix some æra, if we can,
When good ones were extinct, and bad began:

ⁿ Are they all wicked since ELIZA's days?
Did none in CHARLES', or JAMES's merit praise? 50
Or are they knaves but since the Revolution?
If none of these are facts then all's confusion;
And by the self-same rule one cannot fail,
^o To pluck each hair out singly from the tail.

Qui redit ad fastos, & virtutem estimat annis,
Miraturque nihil nisi quod Libitina sacravit.

¶ Ennius, & sapiens, & fortis, & alter Homerus,
Ut critici dicunt, leviter curare videtur
Quo promissa cadant, & somnia Pythagorea.

¶ Nævius in manibus non est, & mentibus hæret
Pene recens : adeo sanctum est vetus omne poema.

¶ Ambigitur quoties uter utro sit prior, aufert
Pacuvius docti famam senis, Accius alti :
Dicitur Afrani toga convenisse Menandro ;
Plautus ad exemplar Siculi properare Epicharmi ;
¶ Vincere Cæcilius gravitate, Terentius arte.
¶ Hos ediscit, & hos arcto stipata theatro
Spectat Roma potens : habet hos numeratque poetas
Ad nostrum tempus, Livî scriptoris ab ævo.

¶ Interdum vulgus rectum videt ; est ubi peccat.

¶ Si veteres ita miratur laudatque poetas,

Ut nihil anteferat, nihil illis comparet, errat :

* Wife CECIL, lov'd by people and by prince, 55

As often broke his word as any since :

* Of ARTHUR's days we almost nothing know,

Yet sing their praise, because they're long ago.

† Oft as 'tis doubted in their several ways

Which of past orators best merit praise, 60

We find it to decide extremely hard,

If HARLEY's head deserv'd the most regard,

Or WINDHAM's tongue, or JEKYL's patriot heart,

‡ Old SHIPPEN's gravity, or WALPOLE's art.

† These were ador'd by all with whom they voted, 65

And in the fullest houses still are quoted ;

These have been fam'd from ANNA's days till ours,

When PELHAM has improv'd, with unknown pow'rs,

The art of ministerial eloquence,

By adding honest truth to nervous sense. 70

* Oft are the vulgar wrong, yet sometimes right ;

The late rebellion in the truest light

By chance they saw ; but were not once so wise,

Unknown, unheard, in damning the excise :

* If former reigns they fancy had no fault, 75

I think their judgment is not worth a groat :

* But

* Si quædam nimis antique, si pleraque dure
Dicere credit eos, ignave multa fatetur,
Et sapit, & mecum facit, & Jove judicat æquo.

† Non equidem infector, delendave carmina Livî
Esse reor, memini quæ plagosum mihi parvo

² Orbiliū dictitare; sed emendata videri,
Pulchraque, & exactis minimum distantia, miror.

³ Inter quæ verbum emicuit si forte decorum, &
Si versus paulos concinnior unus & alter,
Injustum totum ducit venditque poema.

⁴ Indignor quicquam reprehendi, non qui crassè
Compositum illepidève putetur, sed quia nuper;
Nec veniam antiquis, sed honorem & præmia posci.

⁵ Rectè necne crocum floresque perambulat Attæ
Fabula si dubitem, clamant periisse pudorem
Cuncti pene patres; ea cum reprehendere coner
Quæ gravis Æsopus, quæ doctus Roscius egit:
Vel quia nil rectum, nisi quod placuit sibi, ducunt;
⁶ Vel quia turpe putant parere minoribus, & quæ
Imberbis didicere, senes perdenda fateri.

* But if they frankly own their politics,
Like ours, might have some blunders, and some tricks,
With such impartial sentiments I join,
And their opinions tally just with mine. 80

† I would by no means church or king destroy,
And yet the doctrines, taught me when a boy

‡ By CRAB the curate, now seem wond'rous odd,
That either came immediately from God :

§ In all the writings of those high-flown ages 85
You meet with now and then some scatter'd pages
Wrote with some spirit and with sense enough ;
These sell the book, the rest is wretched stuff :

|| I'm quite provok'd, when principles, tho' true,
Must stand impeach'd by fools, because they're new.

¶ Should I but question, only for a joke, 91
If all was flow'rs, when pompous HANMER spoke,
If things went right, when ST. JOHN trod the stage,
How the old Tories all would storm and rage !

‡ They shun conviction, or because a truth 95
Confess'd in age implies they err'd in youth ;
Or that they scorn to learn of junior wits :

What !—to be taught by LYTTELTONS and PITTS.

¶ When

^e Jam Saliare Numæ carmen qui laudat, & illud
 Quod mecum ignorat, solus vult scire videri :
 Ingeniis non ille favet plauditque sepultis,
 Nostra sed impugnat, nos nostraque lividus odit.
^f Quod si tam Græcis novitas invisa fuisset
 Quam nobis, quid nunc esset vetus ? aut quid haberet
 Quod legeret, tereretque viritim publicus usus ?
^g Ut primum positis nugari Græcia bellis
 Cœpit, & in vitium fortunâ labier æqua,
^h Nunc athletarum studiis, nunc arsit equorum ;
ⁱ Marmoris, ut eboris fabros, ut æris amavit ;
 Suspendit picta vultum mentemque tabella :
^k Nunc tibicinibus, nunc est gavisâ tragicædis :
^l Sub nutrice puella velut si luderet infans,
 Quod cupidè petiit, mature plena reliquit.
 Quid placet aut odio est, quod non mutabile credas ?
^m Hoc paces habuere bonæ, ventique secundi.
ⁿ Romæ dulce diu fuit & solenne reclusa
 Mane domo vigilare, clienti promere jura,

c When angry patriots, or in prose or rhymes,
 Extol the virtuous deeds of former times, 100
 They only mean the present to disgrace,
 And look with envious hate on all in place :
 f But had the patriots of those ancient days
 Play'd the same game for profit, or for praise,
 The trade, tho' now so flourishing and new, 105
 Had long been ruin'd and the nation too.

g ENGLAND, when once of peace and wealth possess'd,
 Began to think frugality a jest,
 So grew polite ; hence all her well-bred heirs
 h Gamesters and jockies turn'd, and cricket-play'rs ;
 i Pictures and busts in ev'ry house were seen ; 111
 What should have paid the butcher, bought Poussin ;
 k Now operas, now plays were all the fashion,
 Then whist became the bus'ness of the nation,
 l That, like a froward child, in wanton play 115
 Now cries for toys, then tosses them away ;
 Each hour we chang'd our pleasures, dress, and diet ;
 m These were the blest effects of being quiet.

n Not thus behav'd the true old English 'squire,
 He smok'd his pipe each morn by his own fire, 120
 There

^e Jam Saliare Numæ carmen qui laudat, & illud
 Quod mecum ignorat, solus vult scire videri :
 Ingeniis non ille favet plauditque sepultis,
 Nostra sed impugnat, nos nostraque lividus odit.

^f Quod si tam Græcis novitas invisa fuisset
 Quam nobis, quid nunc esset vetus ? aut quid haberet
 Quod legeret, tereretque viritim publicus usus ?

^g Ut primum positis nugari Græcia bellis
 Cœpit, & in vitium fortunâ labier æqua,
^h Nunc athletarum studiis, nunc arsit equorum ;
ⁱ Marmoris, ut eboris fabros, ut æris amavit ;
 Suspendit picta vultum mentemque tabella :

^k Nunc tibicinibus, nunc est gavisa tragœdis :

^l Sub nutrice puella velut si luderet infans,
 Quod cupidè petiit, mature plena reliquit.

Quid placet aut odio est, quod non mutabile credas ?

^m Hoc paces habuere bonæ, ventique secundi.

ⁿ Romæ dulce diu fuit & solenne reclusa
 Mane domo vigilare, clienti promere jura,

e When angry patriots, or in prose or rhymes,
 Extol the virtuous deeds of former times, 100
 They only mean the present to disgrace,
 And look with envious hate on all in place :
 f But had the patriots of those ancient days
 Play'd the same game for profit, or for praise,
 The trade, tho' now so flourishing and new, 105
 Had long been ruin'd and the nation too.

g ENGLAND, when once of peace and wealth possess'd,
 Began to think frugality a jest,
 So grew polite ; hence all her well-bred heirs
 h Gamesters and jockies turn'd, and cricket-play'rs ;
 i Pictures and busts in ev'ry house were seen ; 111
 What should have paid the butcher, bought POUSSIN ;
 k Now operas, now plays were all the fashion,
 Then whist became the bus'ness of the nation,
 l That, like a froward child, in wanton play 115
 Now cries for toys, then tosses them away ;
 Each hour we chang'd our pleasures, dress, and diet ;
 m These were the blest effects of being quiet.

n Not thus behav'd the true old English 'squire,
 He smok'd his pipe each morn by his own fire, 120
 There

Cautos nominibus rectis expendere nummos,

• Majores audire, minores dicere per quæ
Crescere res posset, minui damnosa libido.

‣ Mutavit mentem populus levis ; & calet uno
Scribendi studio : pueri, patresque severi

‣ Fronde comas vincti cœnant, & carmina dictant.

‣ Ipse ego, qui nullus me affirmo scribere versus,

Invenior Parthis mendacior ; & prius orto

Sole, vigil calamum & chartas & scrinia posco.

• Navem agere ignarus navis timet ; abrotonum
ægro

Non audet nisi qui didicit, dare ; quod medicorum est,

Promittunt

There justice to dispense was ever willing,
 And for his warrants pick'd up many a shilling :
 ° To teach his younger neighbours always glad,
 Where for their corn best markets might be had,
 And from experienc'd age as glad to learn, 125
 How to defraud unseen the parson's barn.

° But now the world's quite alter'd, all are bent
 To leave their seats, and fly to parliament :
 Old men and boys in this alone agree,
 And, vainly courting popularity, 130
 Ply their obftrep'rous voters all night long
 ° With bumpers, toasts, and now and then a song :
 † Ev'n I, who swear these follies I despise,
 Than statesmen, or their porters, tell more lies ;
 And, for the fashion-sake, in spite of nature, 135
 Commence sometimes a most important creature,
 Busy as CAR——w rave for ink and quills,
 And stuff my head and pockets full of bills.

* Few land-men go to sea unless they're prest,
 And quacks in all professions are a jest ; 140
 None dare to kill, except most learn'd physicians :
 Learn'd, or unlearn'd, we all are politicians.

Promittunt medici, : tractant fabrilia fabri :
Scribimus indocti doctique poemata passim.

^t Hic error tamen, & levis hæc insania quantas
Virtutes habeat, sic collige : Vatis avarus

^u Non temere est animus ; versus amat, hoc studet
unum ;

^w Detrimenda, fugas servorum, incendia ridet ;

^x Non fraudem socio, puerove incogitat ullum
Pupillo, ^y vivit filiquis, & pane secundo.

^z Militiæ quanquam piger & malus, utilis urbi ;

^a Si das hoc parvis quoque rebus magna juvari

^b Os tenerum pueri balbumque poeta figurat ;

^c Torquet ab obscœnis jam nunc sermonibus aurem ;

^d Mox etiam pectus præceptis format amicis,
Asperitatis & invidiæ corrector, & iræ ;

There's not a soul but thinks, could he be sent,
H' has parts enough to shine in parliament.

' Tho' many ills this modern taste produces, 145

Yet still, my lord, 'tis not without its uses ;

" These minor politicians are a kind

Not much to selfish avarice inclin'd ;

Do but allow them with applause to speak,

" They little care, tho' all their tenants break ; 150

* They form intrigues with no man's wife, or daughter,

† And live on pudding, chicken-broth, and water ;

‡ Fierce Jacobites, as far as blust'ring words,

But loth in any cause to draw their swords.

⁹ Were smaller matters worthy of attention, 155

A thousand other uses I could mention ;

For instance, in each monthly magazine

Their essays and orations still are seen,

ᵇ And magazines teach boys and girls to read,

And are the canons of each tradesman's creed ; 160

Apprentices they serve to entertain,

ᶜ Instead of smutty tales, and plays profane ;

ᵈ Instruct them how their passions to command,

And to hate none—but those who rule the land :

^e Recte facta refert ; orientia tempora notis
Instruit exemplis ; ^f inopem solatur & ægrum.

^g Castis cum pueris ignara puella mariti
Disceret unde preces, vatem ni musa dedisset ?
Poscit opem chorus, & præsentia numina sentit,

^h Cœlestes implorat aquas doctâ prece blandus ;

ⁱ Avertit morbos, metuenda pericula pellit ;

^k Impetrat & pacem, & locupletem frugibus annum.

^l Carmine Dii superi placantur, carmine Manes.

^m Agricolæ prisci, fortes, parvoque beati,

ⁿ Condita post frumenta, levantes tempore festo
Corpus, & ipsum animum spe finis dura ferentem,
Cum sociis operum, & pueris, & conjuge fidâ,
Tellurem porco, Sylvanum lacte piabant,
Floribus & vino Genium, memorem brevis ævi.

^e Facts they record, births, marriages, and deaths, 165

^f Sometimes receipts for claps, and stinking breaths.

^g When with her brothers miss comes up to town,
How for each play can she afford a crown?

Where find diversions gratis, and yet pretty,

Unless she goes to church, or a committee? 170

And sure committees better entertain,

^h Than hearing a dull parson pray for rain,

ⁱ Or whining beg deliverance from battle,

Dangers, and sins, and sickness amongst cattle;

At church she hears with unattentive ear 175

^k The pray'rs for peace, and for a plenteous year,

But here quite charm'd with so much wit and sense,

She falls a victim soon to eloquence;

Well may she fall, since eloquence has power

^l To govern both the upper house and lower. 180

^m Our ancient gentry, frugal, bold, and rough,
Were farmers, yet liv'd happily enough;

ⁿ They, when in barns their corn was safely laid,

For harvest-homes great entertainments made,

The well-rubb'd tables crack'd with beef and pork,

And all the supper shar'd who shar'd the work; 186

- Fescennina per hunc inventa licentia morem
 Versibus alternis opprobria rustica fudit ;
- ° Libertasque recurrentes accepta per annos
 Lufit amabiliter, donec jam sævus apertam
- ¶ In rabiem verti cœpit jocus, & per honestas
 Ire domos impunè minax : doluere cruento
- † Dente laceffiti : fuit intactis quoque curâ
 Conditione super communi : quin etiam lex
- ° Pœnaque lata, malo quæ nollet carmine quenquam
 Describi : vertere modum, formidine fustis,
 Ad bene dicendum, delectandumque reducti.
- † Græcia capta ferum victorem cepit, & artes
 Intulit agreffi Latio, sic horridus ille
- ° Defluxit numerus Saturnius ; & grave virus
 Munditiæ pepulere : sed in longum tamen ævum
- ° Manferunt, hodieque manent vestigia ruris.
- × Serus enim Græcis admovit acumina chartis ;
 Et post Punica bella quietus, quærere cœpit
 Quid Sophocles, & Thespis, & Æschylus utile ferrent.
 Tentavit quoque rem, si dignè vertere posset,
- ° Et placuit sibi, naturâ sublimis & acer :
 Nam spirat tragicum satis, & feliciter audet ;

z Sed

• This gave freeholders first a taste for eating,
 And was the source of all election-treating ;
 ♀ A while their jests, tho' merry, yet were wise,
 And they took none but decent liberties. 190
 Brandy and punch at length such riots bred,
 † No sober family could sleep in bed :
 † All were alarm'd, ev'n those who had no hurt
 ‡ Call'd in the law, to stop such dang'rous sport.
 † Rich citizens at length new arts brought down 195
 With ready cash, to win each country town ;
 † This less disorders caus'd than downright drink,
 Freemen grew civil, and began to think ;
 † But still all canvassing produc'd confusion,
 The relics of its rustic institution. 200

* 'Tis but of late, since thirty years of peace
 To useful sciences have giv'n increase,
 That we've inquir'd how ROME's lost sons of old
 Barter'd their liberties for feasts and gold ;
 What treats proud SYLLA, CÆSAR, CRASSUS gave,
 And try'd, like them, to buy each hungry knave ; 206
 Nor try'd in vain ; † too fortunately bold
 Many have purchas'd votes, and many sold ;

^z Sed turpem putat in scriptis, metuitque lituram.

^a Creditur ex medio quia res arcessit, habere

^b Sudoris minimum ; sed habet Comœdia tanto

Plus oneris, quanto veniæ minus : ^c Aspice Plautus

^d Quo pacto partes tutetur amantis ephebi !

^e Ut patris attenti ; ^f lenonis ut infidiosi ;

Quantus fit Dorfennus ^g edacibus in parasitis ;

^h Quam non adstricto percurrat pulpita focco :

ⁱ Gestit enim nummos in loculos demittere, post hoc

Securus cadat, an recto stet fabula talo.

^k Quem tulit ad scenam ventoso gloria curru,

Exanimat lentus spectator, sedulus inflat ;

No laws can now amend this venal land,
^z That dreads the touch of a reforming hand. 210
 Some think an int'rest may be form'd with ease,
^a Because the vulgar we must chiefly please ;
^b But for that reason 'tis the harder task,
 For such will neither pardon grant, nor ask.
^c See how Sir W——, master of this art, 215
 By different methods wins each C——n heart.
^d He tells raw youths, that whoring is no harm,
^e And teaches their attentive fires to farm ;
 To his own table lovingly invites
^f Infidious pimps, and ^g hungry parasites : 220
^h Sometimes in slippers, and a morning gown,
 He pays his early visits round a town,
 At ev'ry house relates his stories over,
 Of place-bills, taxes, turnips, and HANOVER ;
ⁱ If tales will money save, and business do, 225
 It matters little, are they false or true.
^k Whoe'er prefers a clam'rous mob's applause
 To his own conscience, or his country's cause,
 Is soon elated, and as soon cast down
 By ev'ry drunken cobbler's smile, or frown ; 230

^l Sic leve, sic parvum est, animum quod laudis avarum
Subruit aut reficit. ^m Valeat res ludicra, si me
Palma negata macrum, donata reducit opimum.

ⁿ Sæpe etiam audacem fugat hoc terretque poetam,
Quod numero plures, virtute & honore minores,
Indocti stolidique, & depugnare parati

Si discordet eques, media inter carmina poscunt

^o Aut ursum, aut pugiles; his nam plebecula gaudet.

^p Verum equitis quoque jam migravit ab aure voluptas
Omnis ad incertos oculos, & gaudia vana.

Quatuor aut plures Aulæa premuntur in horas,

^q Dum fugiunt equitum turmæ, peditumque catervæ;
Mox trahitur manibus regum fortuna retortis,

Effeda festinant, pilenta, petorrita, naves,

^r Captivum portatur ebur, captiva Corinthus.

Si foret in terris rideret Democritus, seu

Diversum confusa genus panthera camelo;

Sive elephas albus vulgi converteret ora:

Spectaret populum ludis attentius ipsis,

Ut sibi præbentem mimo spectacula plura.

¹ So small a matter can depress or raise
 A mind that's meanly covetous of praise:
 But if my quiet must dependent be
 On the vain breath of popularity,
 A wind each hour to diff'rent quarters veering, 235

^m Adieu, say I, to all electioneering.

ⁿ The boldest orator it disconcerts,
 To find the many, tho' of meanest parts,
 Illit'rate, squabbling, discontented prigs,
 Fitter t' attend a boxing-match at FIGG's, 240
 To all good sense and reason shut their ears,
 Yet take delight in S—D—M's ° bulls and bears.

^p Young knights now sent from many a distant shire
 Are better pleas'd with what they see than hear;
 Their joy's to view his majesty approach, 245
 Drawn by eight milk-white steeds in gilded coach,
 The pageant show and bustle to behold,

^q The guards both horse and foot lac'd o'er with gold,
 The rich insignia from the Tower brought down,

^r The iv'ry scepter and the radiant crown. 250

The mob huzza, the thund'ring cannons roar,
 And business is delay'd at least an hour;

The

Scriptores autem narrare putaret asello
 * Fabellam furdo: nam quæ pervincere voces
 Evaluere sonum, referent quem nostra theatra?
 Garganum mugire putes nemus, aut mare Tuscum:
 Tanto cum strepitu ludi spectantur, & artes,
 Divitiæque peregrinæ; † quibus oblitus actor
 Quum stetit in scena, concurrat dextera lævæ.
 † Dixit adhuc aliquid? Nil sane: quid placet ergo?
 Lana Tarentino violas imitata veneno.
 † Ac ne forte putes me, quæ facere ipse recusem,
 Quum recte tractent alii, laudare maligne;
 * Ille per extentum funem mihi posse videtur
 Ire poeta, meum qui pectus inaniter angit.
 † Irritat, mulcet, † falsis terroribus implet,
 † Ut magus, & † modo me Thebis, modo ponit Athenis,
 † Verum age, & his, qui se lectori credere malunt,
 Quam spectatoris fastidia ferre superbi,
 Curam redde brevem; † si munus Apolline dignum
 Vis complere libris, † & vatibus addere calcar,
 Ut studio majore petant Helicon virentem.

The Speaker calls indeed to mind what passes,

^s But might as well read orders to deaf asses.

^t But now see honest V—— rise to joke! 255

The house all laugh; ^u What says he? has he spoke? c

No not a word. Then whence this sudden mirth?

His phys foretels some jest's approaching birth.

^w But lest I seem these orators to wrong,

Envious because I share no gift of tongue, 260

^x Is there a MAN whose eloquence has pow'r

To clear the fullest house in half an hour,

Who now appears to rave and now to weep,

^y Who sometimes makes us swear, and sometimes sleep,

^z Now fills our heads with false alarms from FRANCE,

^a Then conjurer like ^b to INDIA bids us dance? 266

All eulogies on him we own are true,

For surely he does all that man can do.

^c But whilst, my lord, these makers of our laws,

Thus speak themselves into the world's applause, 270

^d Let bards, for such attempts too modest, share

What more they prize, your patronage and care,

^e If you would spur them up the muse's hill,

Or ask their aid your library to fill.

^f We

^f Multa quidem nobis facimus mala sæpe poetæ,
^g (Ut vineta egomet cædam mea) quum tibi librum
^h Sollicito damus, aut fesso; quum lædimur, unum
ⁱ Siquis amicorum est ausus reprehendere versum:
^k Quum loca, jam recitata revolvimus inrevocati,
^l Quum lamentamur, non apparere labores
 Nostros, & tenui deducta poemata filo:
^m Quum speramus eo rem venturam, ut simul atque
 Carmina rescieris nos fingere, commodus ultro
 Arceffas, & egere vetes, & scribere cogas.

ⁿ Sed tamen est operæ pretium cognoscere, quales
 Ædituos habeat belli, spectata domique
 Virtus, indigno non committenda poetæ.
^o Gratus Alexandro regi Magno fuit ille
 Chœrilus, incultis qui versibus & male natis
 Rettulit acceptos, regale numisma, Philippos.
 Sed veluti tractata notam labemque remittunt
 Atramenta, fere scriptores carmine fædo
 Splendida facta linunt. idem rex ille, poema
 Qui tam ridiculum tam care prodigus emit,
 Edicto vetuit, nequis se præter Apellem
 Pingeret, aut alius Lysippo duceret æra

f We poets are, in ev'ry age and nation, 275

A most absurd, wrong-headed generation ;

This in a thousand instances is shown,

g (Myself as guilty as the rest I own)

As when on you our nonsense we impose,

h Tir'd with the nonsense you have heard in prose ; 280

i When we're offended, if some honest friend

Presumes one unharmonious verse to mend ;

k When undesir'd our labours we repeat,

l Grieve they're no more regarded by the Great,

m And fancy, should You once but see our faces, 285

You'd bid us write, and pay us all with places.

n 'Tis your's, my lord, to form the soul to verse,

Who have such num'rous virtues to rehearse ;

o Great ALEXANDER once, in ancient days,

Paid CHOERILUS for daubing him with praise ; 290

And yet the same fam'd hero made a law,

None but APELLES should his picture draw ;

^f Multa quidem nobis facimus mala sæpe poetæ,
^g (Ut vineta egomet cædam mea) quum tibi librum
^h Sollicito damus, aut fesso; quum lædimur, unum
ⁱ Siquis amicorum est ausus reprehendere versum:
^k Quum loca, jam recitata revolvimus inrevocati,
^l Quum lamentamur, non apparere labores
 Nostros, & tenui deducta poemata filo:
^m Quum speramus eo rem venturam, ut simul atque
 Carmina rescieris nos fingere, commodus ultro
 Arceffas, & egere vetes, & scribere cogas.

ⁿ Sed tamen est operæ pretium cognoscere, quales
 Ædituos habeat belli, spectata domique
 Virtus, indigno non committenda poetæ.
^o Gratus Alexandro regi Magno fuit ille
 Chœrilus, incultis qui versibus & male natis
 Rettulit acceptos, regale numisma, Philippos.
 Sed veluti tractata notam labemque remittunt
 Atramenta, fere scriptores carmine fædo
 Splendida facta linunt. idem rex ille, poema
 Qui tam ridiculum tam care prodigus emit,
 Edicto vetuit, nequis se præter Apellem
 Pingeret, aut alius Lysippo duceret æra

f We poets are, in ev'ry age and nation, 275
 A most absurd, wrong-headed generation ;
 This in a thousand instances is shown,
 g (Myself as guilty as the rest I own)
 As when on you our nonsense we impose,
 h Tir'd with the nonsense you have heard in prose ; 280
 i When we're offended, if some honest friend
 Presumes one unharmonious verse to mend ;
 k When undesir'd our labours we repeat,
 l Grieve they're no more regarded by the Great,
 m And fancy, should You once but see our faces, 285
 You'd bid us write, and pay us all with places.
 n 'Tis your's, my lord, to form the soul to verse,
 Who have such num'rous virtues to rehearse ;
 o Great ALEXANDER once, in ancient days,
 Paid CHOERILUS for daubing him with praise ; 290
 And yet the same fam'd hero made a law,
 None but APELLES should his picture draw ;

P Fortis Alexandri vultum simulantia, quod si
 Judicium subtile videndis artibus illud
 Ad libros, & ad hæc Musarum dona vocares,
 q Bæôtum in crasso jurares aere natum.

r At neque dedecorant tua de se judicia, atque
 Munera, quæ multa dantis cum laude tulerunt,
 Delecti tibi Virgilius, Variusque poetæ :

s Nec magis expressi vultus per aënea signa
 Quam per vatis opus mores animique virorum
 Clarorum apparent. t Nec sermones ego mallet
 Repentes per humum, quam res componere gestas;
 Terrarumque situs, & flumina dicere, & arces
 Montibus impositas, & barbara regna, tuisque

¶ None but **LYSIPPUS** cast his royal head
 In brass: it had been treason if in lead;
 A prince he was in valour ne'er surpass'd, 295
 And had in painting too perhaps some taste;
 But as to verse, undoubted is the matter,
 ¶ He must be dull, as a Dutch commentator.
 ¶ But you, my lord, a fav'rite of the muse,
 Would chuse good poets, were there good to chuse;
 ¶ You know they paint the great man's soul as like,
 As can his features **KNELLER**, or **VANDYKE**.
 ¶ Had I such pow'r, I never would compose
 Such creeping lines as these, nor verse, nor prose;
 But rather try to celebrate your praise, 305
 ¶ And with your just encomiums swell my lays:
 Had I a genius equal to my will,
 Gladly would I exert my utmost skill
 To consecrate to fame **BRITANNIA**'s land
 Receiving law from your impartial hand; 310
 By your wise counsels once more pow'rful made,
 Her fleets rever'd, and flourishing her trade;

^x Auspiciis totum confecta duella per orbem,
 Claustraque custodem pacis cohibentia Janum,
^w Et formidatam Parthis te principe Romam;
^u Si, quantum cuperem, possem quoque: ^y sed neque
 parvum

Carmen majestas recipit tua, nec meus audet
 Rem tentare pudor quam vires ferre recusent.
^z Sedulitas autem, stulte quem diligit, urguet
 Præcipuè cum se numeris commendat & arte:
 Discit enim citius meminitque libentius, illud
 Quod quis deridet, quam quod probat & veneratur.
 Nil moror officium quod me gravat: ac neque ficto
 In pejus vultu proponi cereus usquam,
 Nec prave factis decorari versibus opto:
 Ne rubeam pingui donatus munere, & una
 Cum scriptore meo, capsa porrectus aperta,
^a Deferar in vicum vendentem thus & odores,
 Et piper, & quicquid chartis amicitur ineptis.

w Exhausted nations trembling at her sword,
 x And * PEACE long wish'd-for to the world restor'd.
 y But your true greatness suffers no such praise, 315
 z My verse would sink the theme it meant to raise;
 Unequal to the task would surely meet
 Deserv'd contempt, and each presumptuous sheet
 Could serve for nothing, scrawl'd with lines so simple,
 a Unless to wrap up sugar-loaves for Wimple. 320

* A general peace was at this time just concluded at Aix la Chapelle.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
 THE EARL OF CHESTERFIELD,
 ON HIS BEING INSTALLED
 KNIGHT OF THE GARTER.

THESE trophies, STANHOPE, of a lovely dame,
 Once the bright object of a monarch's flame,
 Who with such just propriety can wear,
 As thou the darling of the gay and fair?
 See ev'ry friend to wit, politeness, love,
 With one consent thy Sovereign's choice approve!
 And liv'd PLANTAGENET her voice to join,
 Herself, and GARTER, both were surely thine.

T O A

L A D Y I N T O W N,

SOON AFTER HER LEAVING THE COUNTRY.

WHILST you, dear maid, o'er thousands born
to reign,

For the gay town exchange the rural plain,
The cooling breeze, and ev'ning walk forsake
For stifling crowds, which your own beauties make;
Thro' circling joys while you incessant stray,
Charm in the Mall, and sparkle at the play;
Think (if successive vanities can spare
One thought to love) what cruel pangs I bear,
Left in these plains all wretched, and alone,
To weep with fountains, and with echos groan,
And mourn incessantly that fatal day,
That all my bliss with CHLOE snatch'd away.

Say by what arts I can relieve my pain,
Music, verse, all I try, but try in vain;

In vain the breathing flute my hand employs,
 Late the companion of my CHLOE's voice,
 Nor HANDEL's nor CORELLI's tuneful airs
 Can harmonize my soul, or sooth my cares ;
 Those once-lov'd med'cines unsuccessful prove,
 Music, alas, is but the voice of love !
 In vain I oft harmonious lines peruse,
 And seek for aid from POPE's, and PRIOR's muse ;
 Their treach'rous numbers but assist the foe,
 And call forth scenes of sympathizing woe :
 Here HELOISE mourns her absent lover's charms,
 There parting EMMA signs in HENRY's arms ;
 Their loves like mine ill-fated I bemoan,
 And in their tender sorrows read my own.

Restless sometimes, as oft the mournful dove
 Forfakes her nest forsaken by her love,
 I fly from home, and seek the sacred fields
 Where CAM's old urn its silver current yields,
 Where solemn tow'rs o'erlook each mossy grove,
 As if to guard it from th' assaults of love ;
 Yet guard in vain, for there my CHLOE's eyes
 But lately made whole colleges her prize ;

Her

Her sons, tho' few, not PALLAS cou'd defend,
 Nor DULNESS succour to her thousands lend;
 Love like a fever with infectious rage
 Scorch'd up the young, and thaw'd the frost of age,
 To gaze at her, ev'n DONNS were seen to run,
 And leave unfinish'd pipes, and authors—scarce begun.

* So HELEN look'd, and mov'd with such a grace,
 When the grave seniors of the Trojan race
 Were forc'd those fatal beauties to admire,
 That all their youth consum'd, and set their town on fire.

At fam'd NEWMARKET oft I spend the day
 An unconcern'd spectator of the play;
 There pitiless observe the ruin'd heir
 With anger fir'd, or melting with despair;
 For how shou'd I his trivial loss bemoan,
 Who feel one, so much greater, of my own?
 There while the golden heaps, a glorious prize,
 Wait the decision of two rival dice,
 Whilst long disputes 'twixt *seven* and *five* remain,
 And each, like parties, have their friends for gain,

* Vid. Hom. Il. Lib. III. Ver. 150.

Without one wish I see the guineas shine,
 Fate, keep your gold, I cry, make CHLOE mine.
 Now see, prepar'd their utmost speed to try,
 O'er the smooth turf the bounding racers fly!
 Now more and more their slender limbs they strain,
 And foaming stretch along the velvet plain!
 Ah stay! swift steeds, your rapid flight delay,
 No more the jockey's smarting lash obey:
 But rather let my hand direct the rein,
 And guide your steps a nobler prize to gain;
 Then swift as eagles cut the yielding air,
 Bear me, oh bear me to the absent fair.

Now when the winds are hush'd, the air serene,
 And chearful sunbeams gild the beauteous scene,
 Pensive o'er all the neighb'ring fields I stray,
 Where'er or choice, or chance directs the way:
 Or view the op'ning lawns, or private woods,
 Or distant bluish hills, or silver floods:
 Now harmless birds in filken nets insnare,
 Now with swift dogs pursue the flying hare:
 Dull sports! for oh my CHLOE is not there!

Fatigu'd,

Fatigu'd, at length I willingly retire
 To a small study, and a cheerful fire ;
 There o'er some folio pore, I pore 'tis true,
 But oh my thoughts are fled, and fled to you !
 I hear you, see you, feast upon your eyes,
 And clasp with eager arms the lovely prize ;
 Here for a while I cou'd forget my pain,
 Whilst I by dear reflection live again :
 But ev'n these joys are too sublime to last,
 And quickly fade, like all the real ones past ;
 For just when now beneath some silent grove
 I hear you talk—and talk perhaps of love—
 Or charm with thrilling notes the list'ning ear,
 Sweeter than angels sing, or angels hear,
 My treach'rous hand its weighty charge lets go,
 The book falls thund'ring on the floor below,
 The pleasing vision in a moment's gone,
 And I once more am wretched, and alone,

So when glad ORPHEUS from th' infernal shade
 Had just recall'd his long-lamented maid,
 Soon as her charms had reach'd his eager eyes,
 Lost in eternal night—again she dies.

To a L A D Y.

SENT WITH A PRESENT OF SHELLS AND STONES
DESIGNED FOR A GROTTO.

WITH gifts like these, the spoils of neighb'ring
shores,

The Indian swain his fable love adores ;
Off'rings well suited to the dusky shrine
Of his rude goddess, but unworthy mine :
And yet they seem not such a worthless prize,
If nicely view'd by philosophic eyes ;
And such are yours, that nature's works admire
With warmth like that, which they themselves inspire.

To such how fair appears each grain of sand,
Or humblest weed, as wrought by nature's hand !
How far superior to all human pow'r
Springs the green blade, or buds the painted flow'r !
In all her births, tho' of the meanest kinds,
A just observer entertainment finds,
With fond delight her low productions sees,
And how she gently rises by degrees ;

A shell,

A shell, or stone, he can with pleasure view,
Hence trace her noblest works, the heav'ns—and you.

Behold, how bright these gaudy trifles shine,
The lovely sportings of a hand divine !
See with what art each curious shell is made,
Here carv'd in fretwork, there with pearl inlaid !
What vivid streaks th' enamell'd stones adorn,
Fair as the paintings of the purple morn !
Yet still not half their charms can reach our eyes,
While thus confus'd the sparkling chaos lies ;
Doubly they'll please, when in your grotto plac'd,
They plainly speak their fair disposer's taste ;
Then glories yet unseen shall o'er them rise,
New order from your hand, new lustre from your eyes.

How sweet, how charming will appear this Grot,
When by your art to full protection brought !
Here verdant plants, and blooming flow'rs will grow,
There bubbling currents thro' the shell-work flow ;
Here coral mixt with shells of various dyes,
There polish'd stones will charm our wand'ring eyes :
Delightful bow'r of bliss ! secure retreat !
Fit for the Muses, and STATIRA's seat.

But

But still how good must be that fair one's mind,
 Who thus in solitude can pleasure find !
 The muse her company, good-sense her guide,
 Resistless charms her pow'r, but not her pride :
 Who thus forsakes the town, the park, and play,
 In silent shades to pass her hours away ;
 Who better likes to breathe fresh country air,
 Than ride imprison'd in a velvet chair ;
 And makes the warbling nightingale her choice,
 Before the thrills of FARINELLI's voice ;
 Prefers her books, and conscience void of ill,
 To consorts, balls, assemblies, and quadrille :
 Sweet bow'rs more pleas'd than gilded chariots see,
 For groves the playhouse quits, and beaus for trees.
 Blest is the man, whom heav'n shall grant one hour
 With such a lovely nymph, in such a lovely bow'r !

To a L A D Y,

IN ANSWER TO A LETTER WROTE IN A VERY FINE
HAND.

WHILST well-wrote lines our wond'ring eyes
command,

The beauteous work of CHLOE's artful hand,
Throughout the finish'd piece we see display'd
Th' exactest image of the lovely maid ;
Such is her wit, and such her form divine,
This pure, as flows the style thro' ev'ry line,
That like each letter, exquisitely fine.

}

See with what art the fable currents stain
In wand'ring mazes all the milk-white plain !
Thus o'er the meadows wrap'd in silver snow
Unfrozen brooks in dark meanders flow ;
Thus jetty curls in shining ringlets deck
The ivory plain of lovely CHLOE's neck :
See, like some virgin, whose unmeaning charms
Receive new lustre from a lover's arms,
The yielding paper's pure, but vacant breast,
By her fair hand and flowing pen imprest,

At ev'ry touch more animated grows,
 And with new life and new ideas glows,
Fresh beauties from the kind defiler gains,
 And shines each moment brighter from its stains.

Let mighty Love no longer boast his darts,
 That strike unerring, aim'd at mortal hearts ;
CHLOE, your quill can equal wonders do,
 Wound full as sure, and at a distance too :
 Arm'd with your feather'd weapons in your hands,
 From pole to pole you send your great commands,
 To distant climes in vain the lover flies,
 Your pen o'ertakes him, if he 'scapes your eyes ;
 So those, who from the sword in battle run
 But perish victims to the distant gun.

Beauty's a short-liv'd blaze, a fading flow'r,
 But these are charms no ages can devour ;
 These far superior to the brightest face,
 Triumph alike o'er time as well as space.
 When that fair form, which thousands now adore,
 By years decay'd, shall tyrannize no more,
 These lovely lines shall future ages view,
 And eyes unborn, like ours, be charm'd by you.

How

How oft do I admire with fond delight
The curious piece, and wish like you to write !
Alas, vain hope ! that might as well aspire
To copy PAULO's stroke, or TITIAN's fire :
Ev'n now your splendid lines before me lie,
And I in vain to imitate them try ;
Believe me, fair, I'm practising this art,
To steal your hand, in hopes to steal your heart.



TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE
LADY MARGARET CAVENDISH HARLEY*,

PRESENTED WITH A COLLECTION OF POEMS.

THE tuneful throng was ever beauty's care,
And verse a tribute sacred to the fair ;
Hence in each age the loveliest nymph has been,
By undisputed right, the muses queen ;
Her smiles have all poetic bosoms fir'd,
And patronis'd the verse themselves inspir'd :

LESBIA

* Lady Margaret Cavendish Harley was the only daughter and heiress of Edward Earl of Oxford and Mortimer, by his wife the Lady Henrietta Cavendish, sole daughter and heiress of John Holles Duke of Newcastle. She married William the second Duke of Portland July 11, 1734, who died on the 1st of May, 1762 ; her Grace surviving him, departed this life at her seat at Bulstrode, on Monday the 18th of June 1785 leaving behind her that famous museum, replete with works in the fine arts and a most extensive collection of natural history, which, with no less industry than judgment, and at an expence which could be only supported by her princely fortune, she had been the greatest part of her life collecting ; but this collection, however

LESBIA presided thus in Roman times,
 Thus SACHARISSA reign'd o'er British rhymes,
 And present bards to MARGARETTA bow,
 For what they were of old, is HARLEY now.

From OXFORD's house, in these dull busy days,
 Alone we hope for patronage, or praise ;
 He to our flighted labours still is kind,
 Beneath his roof w' are ever sure to find
 (Reward sufficient for the world's neglect)
 Charms to inspire, and goodness to protect ;
 Your eyes with rapture animate our lays,
 Your fire's kind hand uprears our drooping bays ;

however it was gazed at, and with great judgment admired by men of virtue and philosophy of our own and foreign nations, yet, when time shall have done away all traces of its existence, her Grace's unfeigned religion and piety, exact fulfilment of all domestic duties, superior talents of mind, native dignity amongst her equals, a flowing condescension to her inferiors, which made those whom she honoured with her acquaintance forget the difference of their stations, universal benevolence, and the most amiable sweetness of temper, will cause her ever to be remembered amongst the most famous of her sex, whose superior characters reflect a lustre on the British nation. E.

Form'd

Form'd for our glory and support, ye seem,
 Our constant patron he, and you our theme.
 Where shou'd poetic homage then be pay'd?
 Where ev'ry verse, but at your feet, be lay'd?
 A double right you to this empire bear,
 As first in beauty, and as OXFORD's heir.

Illustrious maid ! in whose sole person join'd
 Ev'ry perfection of the fair we find,
 Charms that might warrant all her sex's pride,
 Without one foible of her sex to hide ;
 Good-nature artless as the bloom that dyes
 Her cheeks, and wit as piercing as her eyes.
 Oh HARLEY ! cou'd but you these lines approve,
 These children sprung from idleness and love,
 Cou'd they, (but ah how vain is the design !)
 Hope to amuse your hours, as once they've mine,
 Th' ill-judging world's applause, and critics blame,
 Alike I'd scorn : your approbation's fame.

HORACE,

H O R A C E,

BOOK II. ODE XVI.

I M I T A T E D.

Vol. I.

K

H O R A T I I,

LIB. II. OD. XVI.

1. OTIUM diuos rogat in patenti
 Prensus Ægeo, simul atra nubes
 Condidit Lunam, neque certa fulgent ;
 Sidera nautis ;

2. Otium bello furiosa Thrace,
 Otium Medi pharetra decori,
 Grosphæ, non gemmis neque purpurâ
 venale, nec auro.

3. Non enim gazæ, neque consularis
 Summovet liçtor miseros tumultus
 Mentis, & curas laqueata circum
 Tecta volantes.

4. Vivitur parvo bene, cui paternum
 Splendet in mensâ tenui salinum ;
 Nec leves somnos timor aut cupido
 Sordidus aufert.

Quid

H O R A C E,

BOOK II. ODE XVI.

I M I T A T E D.

To the Hon. PHILIP YORKE, Esq.

SOON AFTER THE GENERAL ELECTION IN 1747.

1. **F**OR quiet, YORKE, the sailor cries,
When gathering storms obscure the skies,
The stars no more appearing;

2. The candidate for quiet prays,
Sick of the bumpers and huzzas
Of blest electioneering.

3. Who thinks, that from the Speaker's chair
The Serjeant's mace can keep off care,
Is wond'rously mistaken:

4. Alas! he is not half so blest
As those, who've liberty, and rest,
And dine on beans and bacon.

K 2

5. Why

Quid brevi fortes jaculamur ævo
 Multa ? quid terras alio calente

5. Sole mutamus ? patriæ quis exul
 Se quoque fugit ?

6. Scandit æratas vitiosa naves
 Cura ; nec turmas equitum relinquit,
 Ocyor cervis, & agente nimbos
 Ocyor Euro.

7. Lætus in præfens animus quod ultra est
 Oderit curare, & amara lento
 Temperet risu. Nihil est ab omni

8. Parte beatum.

9. Abstulit

5. Why should we then to London run,
And quit our chearful country sun
For buſineſs, dirt, and ſmoke ?
Can we, by changing place and air,
Ourſelves get rid of, or our care ?
In troth 'tis all a joke.

6. Care climbs proud ſhips of mightieſt force,
And mounts behind the General's horſe,
Outſtrips huffars and pandours ;
Far ſwifter than the bounding hind,
Swifter than clouds before the wind,
Or COPE* before th' Highlanders.

7. A man, when once he's ſafely choſe,
Should laugh at all his threatening foes,
Nor think of future evil :
Each good has its attendant ill ;

8. A feat is no bad thing, but ſtill
Elections are the devil.

* General Cope, in the year 1745, had made a very precipitate retreat, before the rebel army, from Preſton Panns to Edinburgh.

9. Abstulit clarum cita mors Achillem ;
 10. Longa Tithonum minuit senectus ;
 Et mihi forsan, tibi quod negârit,
 Porriget hora.

11. Te greges centum, Siculæque circum-
 Mugiunt vaccæ ; tibi tollit hinni-

12. Tum apta quadrigis equa ; te bis Afro
 Murice tinctæ

Vestiunt lanæ : 13. mihi parva rura et
 14. Spiritum Graiæ tenuem Camœnæ
 Parca non mendax dedit, & malignum
 Spernere vulgus.

9. Its gifts, with hand impartial, Heav'n
Divides : to ORFORD it was giv'n
To die in full-blown glory ;
10. To Bath indeed a longer date,
But then with unrelenting hate
Pursu'd by Whig and Tory.
11. The gods to you with bounteous hand
Have granted feats, and parks, and land ;
Brocades and silks you wear ;
With claret and ragouts you treat,
12. Six neighing steeds with nimble feet
Whirl on your gilded car.
13. To me they've giv'n a small retreat,
Good port and mutton, best of meat,
With broad-cloth on my shoulders,
A soul that scorns a dirty job,
14. Loves a good rhyme, and hates a mob,
I mean who a'n't freeholders.

H O R A T I I,

LIB. IV. OD. VIII.

1. **D**ONAREM pateras grataque commodus,
 Cenforine, meis æra sodalibus :
 Donarem tripodas, præmia fortium
 Grajorum ; 2. neque tu pessima munerum
 Ferres, divite me scilicet artium,
 Quas aut Parrhasius protulit aut Scopas ;
 3. Hic faxo, liquidis ille coloribus
 Solers nunc hominem ponere, nunc deum.

H O R A C E,

BOOK IV. ODE VIII.

I M I T A T E D.

TO THE SAME.

1. **D** I D but kind fate to me impart
Wealth equal to my gen'rous heart,
Some curious gift to ev'ry friend,
A token of my love, I'd send ;
2. But still the choicest and the best
Should be consign'd to friends at WREST.

An organ, which, if right I guess,
Would best please lady MARCHIONESS,
Should first be sent by my command,
Worthy of her inspiring hand :
To lady BELL of nicest mould
A coral set in burnish'd gold :
To you, well knowing what you like,

3. Portraits by LELY or VANDYKE,
A curious bronze, or bust antique.

}

4. But

4. Sed non hæc mihi vis : nec tibi talium
 Res est aut animus deliciarum egens.
 Gaudes carminibus, carmina possumus
 Donare, 5. & pretium dicere muneri.
6. Non incisa notis marmora publicis,
 Per quæ spiritus & vita redit bonis
 Post mortem ducibus ; non celeres fugæ,
 Rejectæque retrorsum Annibalis minæ ;
 Non incendia Carthaginis impiæ,
 Ejus qui domitâ nomen ab Africâ
 Lucratus rediit, clarius indicant
 Laudes, quam Calabræ Pierides : neque,
7. Si chartæ fileant quod bene feceris,
 Mercedem tuleris. 8. Quid foret Iliæ
 Mayortisque puer, si taciturnitas

4. But since these gifts exceed my power,
And you, who need not wish for more,
Already blest with all that's fine,
Are pleas'd with verse, tho' such as mine ;
As poets us'd in ancient times,
I'll make my presents all in rhymes ;
5. And, lest you should forget their worth,
Like them I'll set their value forth.
6. Not monumental brags or stones,
The guardians of heroic bones,
Not victories won by MARLBRO's sword,
Nor titles which these feats record,
Such glories o'er the dead diffuse,
As can the labours of the muse.
7. But if she should her aid deny,
With you your virtues all must die,
Nor tongues unborn shall ever say
How wise, how good, was Lady GREY.
8. What now had been th' ignoble doom
Of him who built imperial ROME ?

Or

Obstaret meritis invida Romuli ?
 Ereptum Stygiis fluctibus Æacum
 Virtus & favor & lingua potentium
 Vatum divitibus consecrat insulis.

9. Dignum laude virum Musa vetat mori,
 Cælo musa beat : 10 Sic Jovis interest
 Optatis epulis impiger Hercule :
 Clarum Tyndaridæ fidus ab infimis
 Quassas eripiunt æquoribus rates :
 Ornatus viridi tempora pampino
 Liber vota bonos ducit ad exitus.

Or him deserving ten times more,
 Who fed the hungry, cloth'd the poor,
 Clear'd streams, and bridges laid across,
 And built the little church of Ross?
 Did not th' eternal powers of verse
 From age to age their deeds rehearse.

9. The muse forbids the brave to die,
 Bestowing immortality:
10. Still by her aid in blest abodes
 ALCIDES feasts among the Gods;
 And royal ARTHUR still is able
 To fill his hospitable table
 With English beef, and English knights,
 And looks with pity down on WHITE'S.

To the Hon. Miss Y O R K E,

ON HER MARRIAGE TO LORD ANSON.

VICTORIOUS ANSON see returns
 From the subjected main !
 With joy each British bosom burns,
 Fearless of FRANCE and SPAIN.

Honours his grateful Sovereign's hand,
 Conquest his own bestows,
 Applause unfeign'd his native land,
 Unenvy'd wealth her foes.

But still, my son, BRITANNIA cries,
 Still more thy merits claim ;
 Thy deeds deserve a richer prize
 Than titles, wealth, or fame.

Twice wafted safe from pole to pole
 Th' hast sail'd the globe around ;
 Contains it ought can charm thy soul,
 Thy fondest wishes bound ?

Is there a treasure worth thy care
 Within th' incircling line?
 Say, and I'll weary Heav'n with pray'r
 To make that treasure thine.

Heav'n listen'd to BRITANNIA'S voice,
 Agreed that more was due:
 He chose—the gods approv'd his choice,
 And paid him all in You.

CHLOE TO STREPHON,

A S O N G.

TOO plain, dear youth, these tell-tale eyes
 My heart your own declare;
 But for Heav'n's sake let it suffice
 You reign triumphant there.

Forbear your utmost pow'r to try,
 Nor farther urge your sway;
 Press not for what I must deny,
 For fear I should obey.

Could all your arts successful prove,
 Would you a maid undo?
 Whose greatest failing is her love,
 And that her love for you.

Say, would you use that very pow'r
 You from her fondness claim,
 To ruin, in one fatal hour,
 A life of spotless fame?

Ah! cease, my dear, to do an ill,
 Because perhaps you may;
 But rather try your utmost skill
 To save me, than betray.

Be you yourself my virtue's guard,
 Defend, and not pursue;
 Since 'tis a task for me too hard
 To fight with love and you.

A S O N G.

C E A S E, S A L L Y, thy charms to expand,
 All thy arts and thy witchcraft forbear,
 Hide those eyes, hide that neck and that hand,
 And those sweet flowing tresses of hair.

Oh ! torture me not, for Love's fake,
 With the smirk of those delicate lips,
 With that head's dear significant shake,
 And the tofs of the hoop and the hips.

Oh ! fight still more fatal ! look there
 O'er her tucker what murderers peep !
 So,—now there's an end of my care,
 I shall never more eat, drink, or sleep.

D'you sing oo ? ah mischievous thought !
 Touch me, touch me not there any more ;
 Who the devil can 'scape being caught
 In a trap that's thus baited all o'er ?

VOL. I.

L.

But

But why to advise shou'd I try?

What nature ordains we must prove ;
You no more can help charming, than I
Can help being charm'd, and in love.

A S O N G.

WHEN first I fought fair CÆLIA's love,
And ev'ry charm was new,
I swore by all the gods above
To be for ever true.

But long in vain did I adore,
Long wept and sigh'd in vain,
She still protested, vow'd, and swore,
She ne'er would ease my pain:

At last o'ercome she made me blest,
And yielded all her charms ;
And I forsook her, when possess'd,
And fled to others' arms.

But

But let not this, dear CÆLIA, now
 To rage thy breast incline ;
 For why, since you forgot your vow,
 Should I remember mine ?

T H E C H O I C E.

HAD I, PYGMALION like, the pow'r
 To make the nymph I wou'd adore ;
 The model shou'd be thus design'd,
 Like this her form, like this her mind.

Her skin shou'd be as lilies fair,
 With rosy cheeks and jetty hair ;
 Her lips with pure vermilion spread,
 And soft and moist, as well as red ;
 Her eyes shou'd shine with vivid light,
 At once both languishing and bright ;
 Her shape shou'd be exact and small,
 Her stature rather low than tall ;

Her limbs well turn'd, her air and mien
 At once both sprightly and serene ;
 Besides all this, a nameless grace
 Shou'd be diffus'd all o'er her face ;
 To make the lovely piece complete,
 Not only beautiful, but sweet.

This for her form : now for her mind ;
 I'd have it open, gen'rous, kind,
 Void of all coquettish arts,
 And vain designs of conquering hearts,
 Not sway'd by any views of gain,
 Nor fond of giving others pain ;
 But soft, tho' bright, like her own eyes,
 Discreetly witty, gayly wise.

I'd have her skill'd in ev'ry art
 That can engage a wand'ring heart ;
 Know all the sciences of love,
 Yet ever willing to improve ;
 To press the hand, and roll the eye,
 And drop sometimes an amorous sigh ;

To

To lengthen out the balmy kiss,
And heighten ev'ry tender bliss;
And yet I'd have the charmer be
By nature only taught,—or me.

I'd have her to strict honour ty'd,
And yet without one spark of pride;
In company well drest and fine,
Yet not ambitious to outshine;
In private always neat and clean,
And quite a stranger to the spleen;
Well-pleas'd to grace the park, and play,
And dance sometimes the night away,
But oft'ner fond to spend her hours
In solitude, and shady bow'rs,
And there, beneath some silent grove,
Delight in poetry, and love.

Some sparks of the poetic fire
I fain would have her soul inspire,
Enough, at least, to let her know
What joys from love and virtue flow;

Enough, at least, to make her wife,
 And fops and fopperies despise ;
 Prefer her books, and her own muse,
 To visits, scandal, chat, and news ;
 Above her sex exalt her mind,
 And make her more than woman-kind.

To a Y O U N G L A D Y,

GOING TO THE WEST INDIES.

FOR universal sway design'd,
 To distant realms CLORINDA flies,
 And scorns, in one small isle confin'd,
 To bound the conquests of her eyes.

From our cold climes to INDIA's shore
 With cruel haste she wings her way,
 To scorch their sultry plains still more,
 And rob us of our only day,

Whilst

Whilst ev'ry streaming eye o'erflows
 With tender floods of parting tears,
 Thy breast, dear cause of all our woes,
 Alone unmov'd, and gay appears.

But still, if right the muses tell,
 The fated point of time is nigh,
 When grief shall that fair bosom swell,
 And trickle from thy lovely eye.

Tho' now, like PHILIP's son, whose arms
 Did once the vassal world command,
 You rove with unresisted charms,
 And conquer both by sea and land ;

Yet when (as soon they must) mankind
 Shall all be doom'd to wear your chain,
 You too, like him, will weep to find
 No more unconquer'd worlds remain.

CHLOE ANGLING.

ON yon fair brook's enamell'd side
 Behold my CHLOE stands !
 Her angle trembles o'er the tide,
 As conscious of her hands.

Calm as the gentle waves appear,
 Her thoughts serenely flow,
 Calm as the softly breathing air,
 That curls the brook below.

Such charms her sparkling eyes disclose,
 With such soft pow'r endu'd,
 She seems a new-born VENUS, rose
 From the transparent flood.

From each green bank, and mossy cave,
 The scaly race repair,
 They sport beneath the crystal wave,
 And kiss her image there.

Here

Here the bright silver eel enroll'd
 In shining volumes lies,
 There basks the carp bedropt with gold
 In the sunshine of her eyes.

With hungry pikes in wanton play
 The tim'rous trouts appear ;
 The hungry pikes forget to prey,
 The tim'rous trouts to fear,

With equal haste the thoughtless crew
 To the fair tempter fly ;
 Nor grieve they, whilst her eyes they view,
 That by her hand they die.

Thus I too view'd the nymph of late ;
 Ah simple fish, beware !
 Soon will you find my wretched fate,
 And struggle in the snare.

But, Fair-one, tho' these toils succeed,
 Of conquest be not vain ;
 Nor think o'er all the scaly breed
 Unpunish'd thus to reign.

Remember,

Remember, in a wat'ry glass
 His charms NARCISSUS spy'd,
 When for his own bewitching face
 The youth despair'd and dy'd.

No more then harmless fish inſnare,
 No more ſuch wiles purſue;
 Left, whiſt you baits for them prepare,
 LOVE finds out one for you.

CHLOE HUNTING,

WHILST thouſands court fair CHLOE's love,
 She fears the dang'rous joy,
 But, CYNTHIA like, frequents the grove,
 As lovely, and as coy.

With the ſame ſpeed ſhe ſeeks the hind,
 Or hunts the flying hare,
 She leaves purſuing ſwains behind,
 To languish and deſpair.

Oh

Oh strange caprice in thy dear breast,
 Whence first this whim began;
 To follow thus each worthless beast,
 And shun their sovereign man!

Consider, Fair, what 'tis you do,
 How thus they both must die,
 Not surer they, when you pursue,
 Than we whene'er you fly.

ON

LUCINDA'S RECOVERY

FROM THE SMALL - POX.

BRIGHT VENUS long with envious eyes
 The fair LUCINDA's charms had seen,
 And shall she still, the goddess cries,
 Thus dare to rival Beauty's queen?

She spoke, and to th' infernal plains
 With cruel haste indignant goes,
 Where Death, the prince of terrors, reigns,
 Amidst diseases, pains, and woes.

To him her pray'rs she thus applies :
 O sole, in whom my hopes confide
 To blast my rival's potent eyes,
 And in her fate all mortal pride !

Let her but feel thy chilling dart,
 I will forgive, tremendous god !
 Ev'n that which pierc'd ADONIS' heart :
 He hears, and gives th' assenting nod,

Then calling forth a fierce DISEASE,
 Impatient for the beauteous prey,
 Bids him the loveliest fabric seize,
 The gods e'er form'd of human clay.

Assur'd he meant LUCINDA's charms,
 To her th' infectious *dæmon* flies;
 Her neck, her cheeks, her lips disarms,
 And of their lightning robs her eyes.

The Cyprian queen with cruel joy
Beholds her rival's charms o'erthrown,
Nor doubts, like mortal Fair, t'employ
Their ruins to augment her own.

From out the spoils of ev'ry grace
The goddess picks some glorious prize,
Transplants the roses from her face,
And arms young CUPIDS from her eyes.

Now DEATH (ah veil the mournful scene!)
Had in one moment pierc'd her heart,
Had kinder FATE not slept between,
And turn'd aside th' uplifted dart.

What frenzy bids thy hand essay,
He cries, to wound thy surest friend,
Whose beauties to thy realms each day
Such num'rous crowds of victims send?

Are not her eyes, where-e'er they aim,
As thine own silent arrows sure?
Or who, that once has felt their flame,
Dar'd e'er indulge one hope of cure?

DEATH,

DEATH, thus reprov'd, his hand restrains,
 And bids the dire distemper fly;
 The cruel beauty lives, and reigns,
 That thousands may adore, and die.

WRITTEN IN

MR. LOCKE'S ESSAY ON HUMAN
 UNDERSTANDING.

LONG had the mind of man with curious art
 Search'd nature's wond'rous plan thro' ev'ry part,
 Measur'd each tract of ocean, earth, and sky,
 And number'd all the rolling orbs on high;
 Yet still, so learn'd, herself she little knew,
 Till LOCKE's unerring pen the portrait drew.

So beauteous EVE a while in Eden stray'd,
 And all her great Creator's works survey'd;
 By sun, and moon, she knew to mark the hour,
 She knew the genus of each plant and flow'r;

She

She knew, when sporting on the verdant lawn,
 The tender lambkin and the nimble fawn :
 But still a stranger to her own bright face,
 She guess'd not at its form, nor what she was ;
 Till led at length to some clear fountain's side,
 She view'd her beauties in the cryстал tide ;
 The shining mirror all her charms displays,
 And her eyes catch their own rebounded rays.

WRITTEN IN ITALY

LADY'S VOLUME OF TRAGEDIES.

SINCE thou, relentless maid, canst daily hear
 Thy slave's complaints without one sigh or tear,
 Why beats thy breast, or thy bright eyes overflow
 At these imaginary scenes of woe ?
 Rather teach these to weep and that to heave,
 At real pains themselves to thousands give ;
 And if such pity to feign'd love is due,
 Consider how much more you owe to true.

CUPID

C U P I D R E L I E V E D .

AS once young CUPID went astray
 The little god I found ;
 I took his bow and shafts away,
 And fast his pinions bound.

At CHLOE's feet my spoils I cast,
 My conquest proud to show ;
 She saw his godship fetter'd fast,
 And smil'd to see him so.

But ah ! that smile such fresh supplies
 Of arms resistless gave !
 I'm forc'd again to yield my prize,
 And fall again his slave.

THE WAY TO BE WISE.

IMITATED FROM LA FONTAINE.

POOOR JENNY, am'rous, young, and gay,
 Having by man been led astray,
 To nunn'ry dark retir'd ;
 There liv'd, and look'd so like a maid,
 So seldom eat, so often pray'd,
 She was by all admir'd.

The lady ABBESS oft would cry,
 If any sister trod awry,
 Or prov'd an idle flattern;
 See wife and pious Mrs. JANE,
 A life so strict, so grave a mien
 Is sure a worthy pattern.

A pert young flut at length replies,
 Experience, madam, makes folks wise,
 'Tis that has made her such ;
 And we, poor souls, no doubt shou'd be
 As pious, and as wise, as she,
 If we had seen as much.

LUSUS PILÆ (AMATORIIUS) EX NIVE
COACTÆ.

* PETRONII AFRANII EPIGRAMMA.

ME nive candenti petiit modo Julia; rebar
 Igne carere nivem, sed tamen ignis erat.
 Quid nive frigidius? nostrum tamen urere pectus
 Nix potuit manibus, Julia, missa tuis.
 Quis locus infidiis dabitur mihi tutus amoris,
 Frigore concretâ si latet ignis aquâ?
 Julia, sola potes nostras extinguere flammâs
 Non nive, non glacie, sed potes igne pari.

* The only account that could be found, after a diligent search, of the author of this neat and elegant performance, is in Fabricius's *Bibliotheca Latina*; where Petronius Afranius is placed, amongst many others, as a writer of Epigrams, without any notice taken of what country he was, at what time he lived, without any one circumstance to mark who or what he was. This Epigram is inserted in the appendix to the 11th edition of *Epigrammatum Delectus*, in usum Scholæ Etonensis, printed at London 1740, accompanied by the following note: "Elegans et acutum Epigramma! me judice, ut ut, in tenui materiâ, et affabre undequaque concinnatum et omnibus numeris absolutum." E.

THE

THE SNOW - BALL.

FROM PETRONIUS AFRANIUS.

WHITE as her hand fair JULIA threw
A ball of silver snow ;
The frozen globe fir'd as it flew,
My bosom felt it glow.

Strange pow'r of love ! whose great command
Can thus a snow-ball arm ;
When sent, fair JULIA, from thine hand,
Ev'n ice itself can warm.

How should we then secure our hearts ?
Love's pow'r we all must feel,
Who thus can, by strange magic arts,
In ice his flames conceal.

'Tis thou alone, fair JULIA, know,
Canst quench my fierce desire,
But not with water, ice, or snow,
But with an equal fire.

Εἰς βάθυλλον.

Η Ταντάλα ποτ' ἔστι
 Λίδος Φρυγῶν ἐν ὄχθαις.
 Καὶ παῖς ποτ' ὄρνις ἔπι
 Πανδίου^Θ χελιδών.
 Εγὼ δ' ἔσοπλον εἶην,
 Ὅπως αἰὲ βλέπῃς με.
 Εγὼ χιτῶν γενοίμην,
 Ὅπως αἰὲ φορῇς με.
 Ὑδαρ θέλω γενέσθαι,
 Ὅπως σὲ χεῖρα λήσω.
 Ἀπαλὸν μύρον γενοίμην
 Ὡς σὲ κόμας ἀλείφω
 Καὶ ταινίη μετώπῳ.
 Καὶ μάργαρον τραχήλῳ.
 Καὶ σάνδαλον γενοίμην,
 Μόνον ποσὶν πατεῖν με.

ANACREON,

ANACREON, ODE XX.

A Rock on Phrygian plains we see
 That once was beauteous NIOBE :
 And PROGNE, too revengeful Fair !
 Now flits a wand'ring bird in air :
 Thus I a looking-glass wou'd be,
 That you, dear maid, might gaze on me ;
 Be chang'd to stays, that straitly lac'd,
 I might embrace thy slender waist ;
 A silver stream I'd bathe thee, Fair,
 Or shine pomatum on thy hair ;
 In a soft sable's tippet's form
 I'd kiss thy snowy bosom warm ;
 In shape of pearl that bosom deck,
 And hang for ever round thy neck :
 Pleas'd, to be ought, that touches you,
 Your glove, your garter, or your shoe.

A TRANSLATION OF SOME
LATIN VERSES ON THE CAMERA OBSCURA.

THE various pow'rs of blended shade, and light,
The skilful ZEUXIS of the dusky night ;
The lovely forms, that paint the snowy plain
Free from the pencil's violating stain,
In tuneful lines, harmonious PHOEBUS, sing,
At once of light and verse celestial king.

Divine APOLLO ! let thy sacred fire
Thy youthful bard's unskilful breast inspire,
Like the fair empty sheet he hangs to view,
Void, and unfurnish'd, till inspir'd by you ;
O let one beam, one kind enlightning ray
At once upon his mind and paper play !
Hence shall his breast with bright ideas glow,
Hence num'rous forms the silver field shall strew.

But now the muse's useful precepts view,
And with just care the pleasing work pursue.

First

First chuse a window that convenient lies,
 And to the north directs the wand'ring eyes,
 Dark be the room, let not a straggling ray
 Intrude, to chase the shadowy forms away,
 Except one bright, refulgent blaze, convey'd
 Thro' a strait passage in the shutter made,
 In which th' ingenious artist first must place
 A little, convex, round, transparent glass,
 And just behind th' extended paper lay,
 On which his art shall all its pow'r display :
 There rays reflected from all parts shall meet,
 And paint their objects on the silver sheet ;
 A thousand forms shall in a moment rise,
 And magic landscapes charm our wand'ring eyes ;
 'Tis thus from ev'ry object that we view,
 If EPICURUS' doctrine teaches true,
 The subtile parts upon our organs play,
 And to our minds th' external forms convey.

But from what causes all these wonders flow,
 'Tis not permitted idle bards to know,
 How thro' the centre of the convex glass,
 The piercing rays together twisted pass,

Or why revers'd the lovely scenes appear,
Or why the sun's approaching light they fear;
Let grave philosophers the cause enquire,
Enough for us to see, and to admire.

See then what forms with various colours stain
The painted surface of the paper plain↓
Now bright and gay, as shines the heav'nly bow,
So late, a wide unpeopled waste of snow:
Here verdant groves, there golden crops of corn
The new uncultivated fields adorn;
Here gardens deckt with flow'rs of various dyes,
There slender tow'rs, and little cities rise:
But all with tops inverted downward bend,
Earth mounts aloft, and skies and clouds descend:
Thus the wise vulgar on a pendent land
Imagine our antipodes to stand,
And wonder much, how they securely go,
And not fall headlong on the heav'ns below.

The charms of motion here exalt each part
Above the reach of great APELLES' art;

Zephyrs

Zephyrs the waving harvest gently blow,
 The waters curl, and brooks incessant flow ;
 Men, beasts, and birds in fair confusion stray,
 Some rise to fight, whilst others pass away.

On all we seize that comes within our reach,
 The rolling coach we stop, the horseman catch ;
 Compel the posting traveller to stay ;
 But the short visit causes no delay.

Again, behold what lovely prospects rise !
 Now with the loveliest feast your longing eyes,
 Nor let strict modesty be here afraid,
 To view upon her head a beauteous maid :
 See in small folds her waving garments flow,
 And all her slender limbs still slend'rer grow ;
 Contracted in one little orb is found
 The spacious hoop, once five vast ells around ;
 But think not to embrace the flying Fair,
 Soon will she quit your arms unseen as air,
 In this resembling too a tender maid,
 Coy to the lover's touch, and of his hand afraid.

Enough

Enough w' have seen, now let th' intruding day
 Chase all the lovely magic scenes away ;
 Again th' unpeopled snowy waste returns,
 And the lone plain its faded glories mourns,
 The bright creation in a moment flies,
 And all the pigmy generation dies.

Thus, when still night her gloomy mantle spreads,
 The fairies dance around the flow'ry meads !
 But when the day returns, they wing their flight
 To distant lands, and shun th' unwelcome light.

THE TEMPLE OF VENUS.

IN her own isle's remotest grove
 Stands VENUS' lovely shrine,
 Sacred to beauty, joy, and love;
 And built by hands divine.

The polish'd structure, fair and bright
 As her own ivory skin,
 Without is alabaster white,
 And ruby all within.

Above,

Above, a cupola charms the view,
 White as unfully'd snow ;
 Two columns of the same fair hue
 Support the dome below.

Its walls a trickling fountain laves,
 In which such virtue reigns,
 That, bath'd in its balsamic waves,
 No lover feels his pains.

Before th' unfolding gates there spreads
 A fragrant spicy grove,
 That with its curling branches shades
 The labyrinths of Love.

Bright Beauty here her captives holds,
 Who kiss their easy chains,
 And in softest closest folds
 Her willing slaves detains.

Wouldst thou, who ne'er these seas hast try'd,
 Find where this island lies,
 Let pilot Love the rudder guide,
 And steer by CHLOE's eyes.

On

On a N O S E G A Y

IN THE COUNTESS OF COVENTRY'S BREAST*.

IN IMITATION OF WALLER.

DELIGHTFUL scene ! in which appear
 At once all beauties of the year !
 See how the Zephyrs of her breath
 Fan gently all the flow'rs beneath !
 See the gay flow'rs, how bright they glow,
 Tho' planted in a bed of snow !
 Yet see how soon they fade and die,
 Scorch'd by the sunshine of her eye !
 Nor wonder if, o'ercome with bliss,
 They droop their heads to steal a kiss ;
 Who would not die on that dear breast ?
 Who would not die to be so blest ?

* Maria Countess of Coventry, the eldest daughter of John Gunning, Esq; by his wife Bridget, daughter of John Bourk, Lord Viscount Mayo in Ireland. She was married to George William, the sixth Earl of Coventry, March 5, 1752, and departed this life October 1, 1760. Her transcendent beauty was the admiration of all who beheld her.

The

The 'SQUIRE and the PARSON.

A N E C L O G U E.

WRITTEN ON THE CONCLUSION OF THE PEACE, 1748.

BY his hall chimney, where in rusty grate
 Green faggots wept their own untimely fate,
 In elbow-chair, the pensive 'Squire reclin'd,
 Revolving debts and taxes in his mind :
 A pipe just fill'd upon a table near
 Lay by the London-Evening * stain'd with beer,
 With half a bible, on whose remnants torn
 Each parish round was annually forsworn.
 The gate now claps, as ev'ning just grew dark,
 Tray starts, and with a growl prepares to bark ;
 But soon discerning, with sagacious nose,
 The well-known favour of the parson's toes,
 Lays down his head, and sinks in soft repose :
 The doctor ent'ring, to the tankard ran,
 Takes a good hearty pull, and thus began :

* The London Evening Post, the only paper at that time taken in and read by the enemies to the House of Hanover.

PARSON.

PARSON.

Why sit'st thou thus, forlorn and dull, my friend,
Now war's rapacious reign is at an end?
Hark, how the distant bells inspire delight!
See bonfires spangle o'er the veil of night!

'SQUIRE.

What's peace, alas! in foreign parts to me?
At home, nor peace nor plenty can I see;
Joyless I hear drums, bells, and fiddles sound,
'Tis all the same—Four shillings in the pound.
My wheels, tho' old, are clog'd with a new tax;
My oaks, tho' young, must groan beneath the axe;
My barns are half unthatch'd, until'd my house,
Lost by this fatal sickness all my cows:
See there's the bill my late damn'd law-suit cost!
Long as the land contended for,—and lost:
Ev'n Ormond's head I can frequent no more,
So short my pocket is, so long the score;
At shops all round I owe for fifty things.—
This comes of fetching Hanoverian kings.

PARSON.

PARSON.

I must confess the times are bad indeed,
No wonder ; when we scarce believe our creed ;
When purblind Reason's deem'd the surest guide,
And heav'n-born Faith at her tribunal try'd ;
When all church-pow'r is thought to make men slaves,
Saints, martyrs, fathers, all call'd fools and knaves.

'SQUIRE.

Come, preach no more, but drink, and hold your
tongue :
I'm for the church :—but think the parsons wrong.

PARSON.

See there ! free-thinking now so rank is grown,
It spreads infection thro' each country town ;
Deistic scoffs fly round at rural boards,
'Squires, and their tenants too, profane as lords,
Vent impious jokes on every sacred thing.

'SQUIRE.

Come, drink ;——

PARSON.

—Here's to you then, to church and king :

'SQUIRE.

Here's church and king; I hate the glaſs ſhou'd
ſtand,
Tho' one takes tythes, and t'other taxes land.

PARSON.

Heav'n with new plagues will ſcourage this finful
nation,
Unleſs we ſoon repeal the toleration,
And to the church reſtore the convocation.

'SQUIRE.

Plagues we ſhou'd feel ſufficient, on my word,
Starv'd by two houſes, prieſt-rid by a third.
For better days we lately had a chance,
Had not the honeſt Plaids been trick'd by France.

PARSON.

Is not moſt gracious GEORGE our faith's defender?
You love the church, yet wiſh for the Pretender !

'SQUIRE.

'SQUIRE.

Preferment, I suppose, is what you mean ;
 Turn Whig, and you, perhaps, may be a dean :
 But you must first learn how to treat your betters.
 What's here ? sure some strange news, a boy with
 letters ;

Oh, ho ! here's one, I see, from parson SLY :
 " My rev'rend neighbour SQUAB being like to die ;
 " I hope, if Heav'n should please to take him hence,
 " To ask the living would be no offence."

PARSON.

Have you not swore, that I shou'd SQUAB succeed ?
 Think how for this I taught your sons to read ;
 How oft discover'd puffs on new-plow'd land,
 How oft supported you with friendly hand ;
 When I cou'd scarcely go, nor cou'd your worship
 stand. }

'SQUIRE.

'Twas yours, had you been honest, wise, or civil ;
 Now ev'n go court the bishops, or the devil.

PARSON.

If I meant any thing, now let me die ;
I'm blunt, and cannot fawn and cant, not I,
Like that old Presbyterian rascal SLY.
I am, you know, a right true-hearted Tory,
Love a good glass, a merry song, or story.

'SQUIRE.

Thou art an honest dog, that's truth, indeed—
Talk no more nonsense then about the creed.
I can't, I think, deny thy first request ;
'Tis thine ; but first a bumper to the best,

PARSON.

Most noble 'Squire, more gen'rous than your wine,
How pleasing's the condition you assign?
Give me the sparkling glass, and here, d'ye see,
With joy I drink it on my bended knee :—
Great queen ! who governeſt this earthly ball,
And mak'ſt both kings and kingdoms riſe and fall ;
Whoſe wond'rous pow'r in ſecret all things rules,
Makes fools of mighty peers, and peers of fools ;

Dispenses mitres, coronets, and stars ;
 Involves far distant realms in bloody wars,
 Then bids wars snaky tresses cease to hiss,
 And gives them peace again—* nay gave us this :
 Whose health does health to all mankind impart,
 Here's to thy much-lov'd health :

'SQUIRE, *rubbing his hands.*

—— With all my heart.

——
 * Madam de Pompadour,



GIVEN TO A LADY

WITH A WATCH WHICH SHE BORROWED TO HANG
AT HER BED'S HEAD.

WHILST half asleep my CHLOE lies,
And all her softest thoughts arise ;
Whilst, tyrant Honour lay'd at rest,
Love steals to her unguarded breast ;
Then whisper to the yielding Fair,
Thou witness to the pains I bear,
How oft her slave with open eyes,
All the long night despairing lies ;
Impatient till the rosy day
Shall once again its beams display,
And with it he again may rise,
To greet with joy her dawning eyes.

Tell her as all thy motions stand,
Unless recruited by her hand,
So shall my life forget to move ;
Unless, each day, the Fair I love

Shall

Shall new repeated vigour give
 With smiles, and make me fit to live.
 Tell her, when far from her I stray,
 How oft I chide thy slow delay ;
 But when beneath her smiles I live,
 Blest with all joys the Gods can give,
 How often I reprove thy haste,
 And think each precious moment flies too fast.



B E L P H E G O R,
A F A B L E.

FROM MACHIAVEL.

—— *Fugit indignata sub umbras.*

VIRG.

TH' infernal monarch once, as stories tell,
Review'd his subjects from all parts of hell ;
Around his throne unnumber'd millions wait,
He scarce believ'd his empire was so great ;
Still as each pass'd, he ask'd with friendly care
What crime had caus'd their fall, and brought them
there :

Scarce one he question'd, but reply'd the same,
And on the marriage noose lay'd all the blame ;
Thence ev'ry fatal error of their lives
They all deduce, and all accuse their wives.

Then to his peers, and potentates around,
Thus SATAN spoke ; hell trembled with the sound.

My

My friends, what vast advantages wou'd flow
 To these our realms? cou'd we but fully know
 The form and nature of these marriage chains,
 That send such crouds to our infernal plains;
 Let some bold patriot then, who dares to show
 His gen'rous love to this our state below,
 For his dear country's good the task essay,
 And animate awhile some human clay;
 Ten years in marriage bonds he shall remain,
 Enjoy its pleasures, and endure its pain,
 Then to his friends return'd, with truth relate
 The nature of the matrimonial state.

He spoke; the list'ning crowds his scheme approv'd:
 But who so much his prince, or country lov'd,
 As thus, with fearless heart, to undertake
 This hymeneal trial, for their sake?

At length with one consent they all propose,
 That fortune shall by lot the task impose;
 The dreaded chance on bold BELPHEGOR fell,
 Sighing h' obey'd, and took his leave of hell.

First in fair FLORENCE he was pleas'd to fix,
 Bought a large house, fine plate, a coach and six;

Dress'd rich and gay, play'd high, drank hard, and
whor'd,

And liv'd in short in all things like a lord :

His feasts were plenteous, and his wines were strong,

So poets, priests, and pimps his table throng,

Bring dedications, sermons, whores, and plays,

The dev'l was ne'er so flatter'd in his days :

The ladies too were kind, each tender dame

Sigh'd, when she mention'd RODERIGO's name ;

For so he's call'd : rich, young, and debonnaire,

He reigns sole monarch of the longing fair ;

No daughter, sure, of EVE cou'd e'er escape

The dev'l, when cloath'd in such a tempting shape.

One nymph at length, superior to the rest,

Gay, beautiful, and young, inspir'd his breast ;

Soft looks and sighs his passion soon betray'd,

Awhile he woos, then weds the lovely maid.

I shall not now, to grace my tale, relate

What feasts, what balls, what dresses, pomp and state,

Adorn'd their nuptial day, lest it shou'd seem

As tedious to the reader, as to him,

Who

Who big with expectation of delight,
 Impatient waited for the happy night ;
 The happy night is come, his longing arms
 Press close the yielding maid in all her charms,
 The yielding maid, who now no longer coy
 With equal ardour loves, and gives a loose to joy :
 Dissolv'd in bliss more exquisite than all
 He e'er had felt in Heav'n, before his fall,
 With rapture clinging to his lovely bride,
 In murmurs to himself BELPHEGOR cry'd,
 Are these the marriage chains ? are these my fears ?
 Oh had my ten, but been ten thousand years !

But ah these happy moments last not long !
 For in one month his wife has found her tongue,
 All thoughts of love and tendernefs are lost,
 Their only aim is, who shall squander most ;
 She dreams of nothing now but being fine,
 Whilst he is ever guzzling nasty wine ;
 She longs for jewels, equipage, and plate,
 And he, sad man ! stays out so very late !
 Hence ev'ry day domestic wars are bred,
 A truce is hardly kept, while they're abed ;

They

They wrangle all day long, and then at night,
Like wooing cats, at once they love and fight.

His riches too are with his quiet flown,
And they once spent, all friends on course are gone ;
The sum design'd his whole ten years to last,
Is all consum'd before the first is past :
Where shall he hide ? ah whither must he fly ?
Legions of duns abroad in ambush lie,
For fear of them, no more he dares to roam,
And the worst dun of all, his wife's at home.

Quite tir'd at length, with such a wretched life,
He flies one night at once from debts, and wife ;
But ere the morning dawn his flight is known ;
And crowds pursue him close from town to town :
He quits the public road, and wand'ring strays
Thro' unfrequented woods, and pathless ways ;
At last with joy a little farm he sees,
Where liv'd a good old man, in health and ease ;
MATTHEW his name : to him BELPHEGOR goes,
And begs protection from pursuing foes,
With tears relates his melancholy case,
Tells him from whence he came, and who he was,

And

And vows to pay for his reception well,
 When next he shou'd receive his rents from hell :
 The farmer hears his tale with pitying ear,
 And bids him live in peace, and safety there ;
 Awhile he did ; no duns, no noise, or strife,
 Disturb'd him there ;—for MATT had ne'er a wife.
 But ere few weeks in this retreat are past
 MATT too himself becomes a dun at last ;
 Demands his promis'd pay with heat and rage,
 Till thus BELPHEGOR's words his wrath assuage.

My friend, we dev'ls, like English peers, he cry'd,
 Tho' free from law, are yet by honour ty'd ;
 Tho' tradesmen's cheating bills I scorn to view,
 I pay all debts that are by honour due ;
 And therefore have contriv'd long since a way,
 Beyond all hopes thy kindness to repay ;
 We subtile spirits can, you know, with ease
 Possess whatever human breasts we please,
 With sudden frenzy can o'ercast the mind,
 Let passions loose, and captive reason bind :
 Thus I three mortal bosoms will infest,
 And force them to apply to you for rest ;

Vast

Vast sums for cure they willingly shall pay,
Thrice, and but thrice, your pow'r I will obey.

He spoke, then fled unseen, like rushing wind,
And breathless left his mortal frame behind :
The corps is quickly known, and news is spread
That RODERIGO's in the desert dead ;
His wife in fashionable grief appears,
Sighs for one day, then mourns two tedious years.

A beauteous maid, who then in FLORENCE dwelt,
In a short time unusual symptoms felt ;
Physicians came, prescrib'd, then took their fees,
But none could find the cause of her disease ;
Her parents thought 'twas love disturb'd her rest,
But all the learn'd agreed she was possess'd ;
In vain the doctors all their art apply'd,
In vain the priests their holy trump'ry try'd ;
No pray'rs nor med'cines cou'd the dæmon tame,
Till MATTHEW heard the news, and hast'ning came :
He asks five hundred pounds ; the money's pay'd ;
He forms the magic spell, then cures the maid :
Hence chas'd, the dev'l to two rich houses flies,
And makes their heirs successively his prize,

Who

Who both by MATTHEW's skill reliev'd from pains,
Reward his wond'rous art with wond'rous gains.

And now BELPHEGOR, having thrice obey'd,
With reason thinks his host is fully pay'd ;
Next free to range, to GALLIA's king he flies,
As dev'ls ambitious ever love to rise ;
Black hideous scenes distract his royal mind,
From all he seeks relief, but none can find,
And vows vast treasures shall his art repay,
Whoe'er can chase the strange disease away :
At length, instructed by the voice of fame,
To MATTHEW sends ; poor MATT reluctant came ;
He knew his pow'r expir'd, refus'd to try,
But all excuses fail'd, he must, or die ;
At last despairing he the task essay'd,
Approach'd the monarch's ear, and whisp'ring said.

Since force, not choice, has brought thy servant
here,

Once more, BELPHEGOR, my petition hear,
This once at my request, thy post resign,
And save my life, as once I rescu'd thine.

Cruel

Cruel Belphegor, deaf to his request,
 Disdain'd his pray'rs, and made his woes a jest ;
 With tears and sighs he beg'd, and beg'd again,
 Still the ungrateful fiend but mock'd his pain ;
 Then turning round he told th' expecting court,
 This dev'l was of a most malignant sort ;
 And that he could but make one tryal more,
 And if that fail'd, he then must give him o'er :
 Then placing num'rous drums, and trumpets round,
 Instructed when he mov'd his hand to sound,
 He whisper'd in his patient's ear again,
 Belphegor answer'd, all his arts were vain :
 He gives the sign, they sound ; th' outrageous din
 Startles the king, and frights the dev'l within ;
 He asks what 'tis, and vows that in his life
 He ne'er had heard the like—except his wife ;
 By Heav'n's, 'tis she, MATT cries, you'd best be
 gone,
 She comes once more to seize you for her own ;
 Belphegor frighted, not one word replies,
 But to th' infernal shades for refuge flies ;

There

There paints a dreadful sketch of marry'd lives,
 And feelingly confirms the charge on wives :
 MATTHEW o'erpay'd with honours, fame, and fees,
 Returns to blest obscurity, and ease,
 With joy triumphant Io Pæan sings,
 And vows to deal no more with dev'ls or kings,



LIB. III. CARMEN IX.

DIALOGUS HORATHI ET LYDIAE.

HORAT.

DONEC gratus eram tibi,
Nec quisquam potior brachia candidæ
Cervici juvenis dabat,
Persarum vigui Rege beatior.

LYDIA.

A D I A L O G U E

Between the Right Hon. HENRY PELHAM and
Madam POPULARITY*.

IN IMITATION OF HORACE, BOOK III. ODE IX.

H. PELHAM.

- I. **W**HILST I was pleasing in your eyes,
And you was constant, chaste, and wise;
Ere yet you had your favours granted
To ev'ry knave or fool who canted,
In peaceful joy I pass'd each hour,
Nor envy'd WALPOLE's wealth and pow'r.

* From the commencement of the Spanish war in 1739, to the Treaty of Aix la Chapelle, signed October 7, 1748, the land-tax was raised from two shillings to four shillings. In 1749 it was lowered to three shillings, at which rate it was continued till 1752, when Mr. Pelham, at that time the minister, reduced it to two shillings, at which rate it continued till the time of his death in 1754. This was one, amongst others, of those popular measures which gilded the evening of this minister's life, and rendered his death an object of public lamentation. To this event we owe this happy imitation, wrote soon after the Land-tax Act of that year passed. E.

VOL. I.

O

MADAM

LYDIA.

Donec non aliâ magis
 Arfisti, neque erat Lydia post Chloën,
 Multi Lydia nominis
 Romanâ vigui clarior Iliâ.

HORAT.

Me tunc Thressa Chloë regit,
 Dulces docta modos, & citharæ sciens;
 Pro quâ non metuum mori,
 Si parcant animæ fata superstiti.

LYDIA.

Me torret face mutuâ
 Thurini Calaïs filius Ornithi;

MADAM POPULARITY.

2. While I possess'd your love alone,
My heart and voice were all your own ;
But on my soul 'twou'd vex a faint,
When I've most reason for complaint,
To hear you thus begin to scold :
Think on BRITANNIA ! proud and old !
Are not her interests all your theme,
Your daily labour, nightly dream ?

H. PELHAM.

3. My just regard I can't deny
For her and her prosperity ;
Nor am ashamed it is so great,
That, to deliver her from debt,
From foreign wars and civil strife,
I'd freely sacrifice my life.

MADAM POPULARITY.

4. To her your warmest vows are plighted,
For her I ev'ry day am slighted ;

O 2

Her

Pro quo bis patiar mori,
Si parcant puero fata superstiti.

H O R A T.

Quod si prisca redit Venus,
Diductosque jugo cogit aëneo :
Si flava excutitur Chloë,
Ejectæque patet janua Lydiæ ?

L Y D I A.

Quanquam fidere pulchrior
Ille est ; tu levior cortice, & improbo
Iracundior Adria :
Tecum vivere amem, tecum obeam libens.

Her welfare always is preferr'd,
 And my neglected voice unheard :
 Examples numerous I cou'd mention,
 A peace ! bad as the old convention ;
 Money reduc'd to three per cent,
 No pity on the poor who lent ;
 Armies that must for ever stand,
 And still three shillings laid on land.

H. PELHAM.

5. Suppose now, Madam, I was willing
 For once to bate this grievous shilling,
 To humour you—I know 'tis wrong,
 But you have such a cursed tongue.

MADAM POPULARITY.

6. Why then, tho' rough as winds or seas,
 You scorn all little arts to please,
 Yet thou art honest, faith, and I
 With thee alone will live and die,

A S I M I L E.

CORINNA, in the country bred,
 Harbour'd strange notions in her head,
 Notions in town quite out of fashion;
 Such as that love's a dangerous passion,
 That virtue is the maiden's jewel,
 And to be safe, she must be cruel.

Thus arm'd she'd long secur'd her honour
 From all assaults yet made upon her,
 Had scratch'd th' impetuous Captain's hand,
 Had torn the Lawyer's gown and band,
 And gold refus'd from Knights and Squires
 To bribe her to her own desires:
 For, to say truth, she thought it hard,
 To be of pleasures thus debarr'd,
 She saw by others freely tasted,
 So pouted, pin'd, grew pale, and wasted:
 Yet, notwithstanding her condition,
 Continu'd firm in opposition.

At

At length a troop of horse came down,
 And quarter'd in a neighb'ring town ;
 The Cornet he was tall and young,
 And had a most bewitching tongue.
 They saw and lik'd : the siege begun :
 Each hour he some advantage won.
 He ogled first ;—she turn'd away ;—
 But met his eyes the following day :
 Then her reluctant hand he seizes,
 That soon she gives him, when he pleases :
 Her ruby lips he next attacks :—
 She struggles ;—in a while she smacks :
 Her snowy breast he then invades ;—
 That yields too after some parades ;
 And of that fortress once possess'd,
 He quickly masters all the rest.
 No longer now, a dupe to fame,
 She smothers or resists her flame,
 But loves without or fear or shame.

So have I seen the Tory race
 Long in the pouts for want of place,

Never in humour, never well,
 Wishing for what they dar'd not tell,
 Their heads with country-notions fraught,
 Notions in town not worth a groat,
 These tenets all reluctant quit,
 And step by step at last submit
 To reason, eloquence, and PITT.

}

At first to Hanover a Plum
 Was sent;—They said—A trivial sum,
 But if he went one tittle further,
 They vow'd and swore they'd cry out murder;
 Ere long a larger sum is wanted;
 They pish'd and frown'd—but still they granted:
 He push'd for more, and more agen—
 Well—Money's better sent, than Men:
 Here virtue made another stand.—
 No—not a man shall leave the land.
 What?—not one regiment to Embden?
 They start—but now they're fairly hem'd in:
 These soon, and many more are sent;—
 They're silent—Silence gives consent.

Our

Our troops, they now can plainly see,
 May Britain guard in Germany :
 Hanoverians, Hessians, Prussians
 Are paid, t'oppose the French and Russians :
 Nor scruple they with truth to say,
 They're fighting for America :
 No more they make a fiddle-faddle
 About an Hessian horse or saddle ;
 No more of continental measures,
 No more of wasting British treasures ;
 Ten millions, and a vote of credit.—
 'Tis right—He can't be wrong, who did it :
 They're fairly fous'd o'er head and ears,
 And cur'd of all their rustic fears.

A PASSAGE IN OSSIAN VERSIFIED.

THE deeds of ancient days shall be my theme ;
 O Lora, the soft murmurs of thy stream,
 Thy trees, Garmallar, rustling in the wind,
 Recall those days with pleasure to my mind.

See'st

See'st thou that rock, from whose heath-cover'd
crown,

Melvina, three old bended firs look down ?

Green is the plain which at its feet is spread,

The mountain flower there shakes its milk-white head ;

Two stones, memorials of departed worth,

Uplift their moss-cap'd heads, half sunk in earth ;

The mountain deer, that crop the grass around,

See the pale ghosts who guard the sacred ground,

Then starting, fly the place, and at a distance bound. }

On seeing the Earl of CHESTERFIELD
at a BALL, at BATH.

WRITTEN IN 1770.

IN times by selfishness and faction sour'd,
When dull Importance has all Wit devour'd ;
When Rank, as if t' insult alone design'd,
Affects a proud seclusion from mankind ;
And Greatness, to all social converse dead,
Esteems it dignity to be ill-bred :—

See! CHESTERFIELD alone resists the tide,
 Above all party, and above all pride,
 Vouchsafes each night these brilliant scenes to grace,
 Augments and shares th' amusements of the place;
 Admires the Fair, enjoys the sprightly ball,
 Deigns to be pleas'd, and therefore pleases all.
 Hence, tho' unable now this stile to hit,
 Learn what was once politeness, ease, and wit.

THE AMERICAN COACHMAN.

CROWN'D be the man with lasting praise,
 Who first contriv'd the pin
 From vicious steeds to loose a chaise,
 And save the necks within.

See how they prance, and bound, and skip,
 And all controul disdain;
 Defy the terrors of the whip,
 And rend the filken rein!

Awile

Awhile we try if art or strength
Are able to prevail ;
But hopeless, when we find at length
That all our efforts fail,

With ready foot the spring we press,
Out flies the magic plug,
Then, disengag'd from all distress,
We sit quite safe and snug.

The pamper'd steeds, their freedom gain'd,
Run off full speed together ;
But having no plan ascertain'd,
They run they know not whither.

Boys, who love mischief and a course,
Enjoying this disaster,
Bawl, Stop them ! Stop them ! till they're hoarse,
But mean to drive them faster,

Each claiming now his native right,
Scorns to obey his brother ;
So they proceed to kick and bite,
And worry one another.

Hungry

Hungry at last, and blind, and lame,
 Bleeding at nose and eyes ;
 By sufferings growing mighty tame,
 And by experience wise ;

With bellies full of liberty,
 But void of oats and hay ;
 They both sneak back, their folly see,
 And run no more away.

Let all who view th' instructive scene,
 And patronize the plan,
 Give thanks to Gloucester's honest Dean,
 For, Tucker *,—thou'rt the man.

* Early in the unfortunate contest between the mother country and her American colonies, the Rev. Dr. Tucker, Dean of Gloucester, published a pamphlet, intitled, *An Address and Appeal to the Landed Interest* ; in which he proposed and recommended to the nation a total separation from the colonies, the rejection of them from being fellow members, and joint partakers in the privileges and advantages of the British Empire, because they refuse to submit to the authority and jurisdiction of the British Legislature ; offering at the same time to enter into alliance of friendship and treaties of commerce with them, as with any other sovereign independent

dependent states. Not any one of those who are recorded in the history of this country in the renowned list of her ablest statesmen, had he lived at this time, could have foreseen with more sagacity what was likely to happen from that sad business, or with greater wisdom provided a remedy to prevent it, than what the Dean's propositions contained. But, alas ! they were not attended to by those who only at that time could endeavour to carry them into execution ; and, after a long struggle, in which much blood was spilt, enormous treasures wasted, and two British armies compelled to go into captivity, the parent state suffered the disgrace of being compelled to surrender that, of which the Dean of Gloucester long before, with the soundest policy, advised her to make a free-will offering.—This pamphlet was the foundation of the preceding short poem, written about a year after it, in which the author, with that conciseness as to the matter, and humour in the manner, so peculiar to himself, recommends and supports the Dean's plan. E.



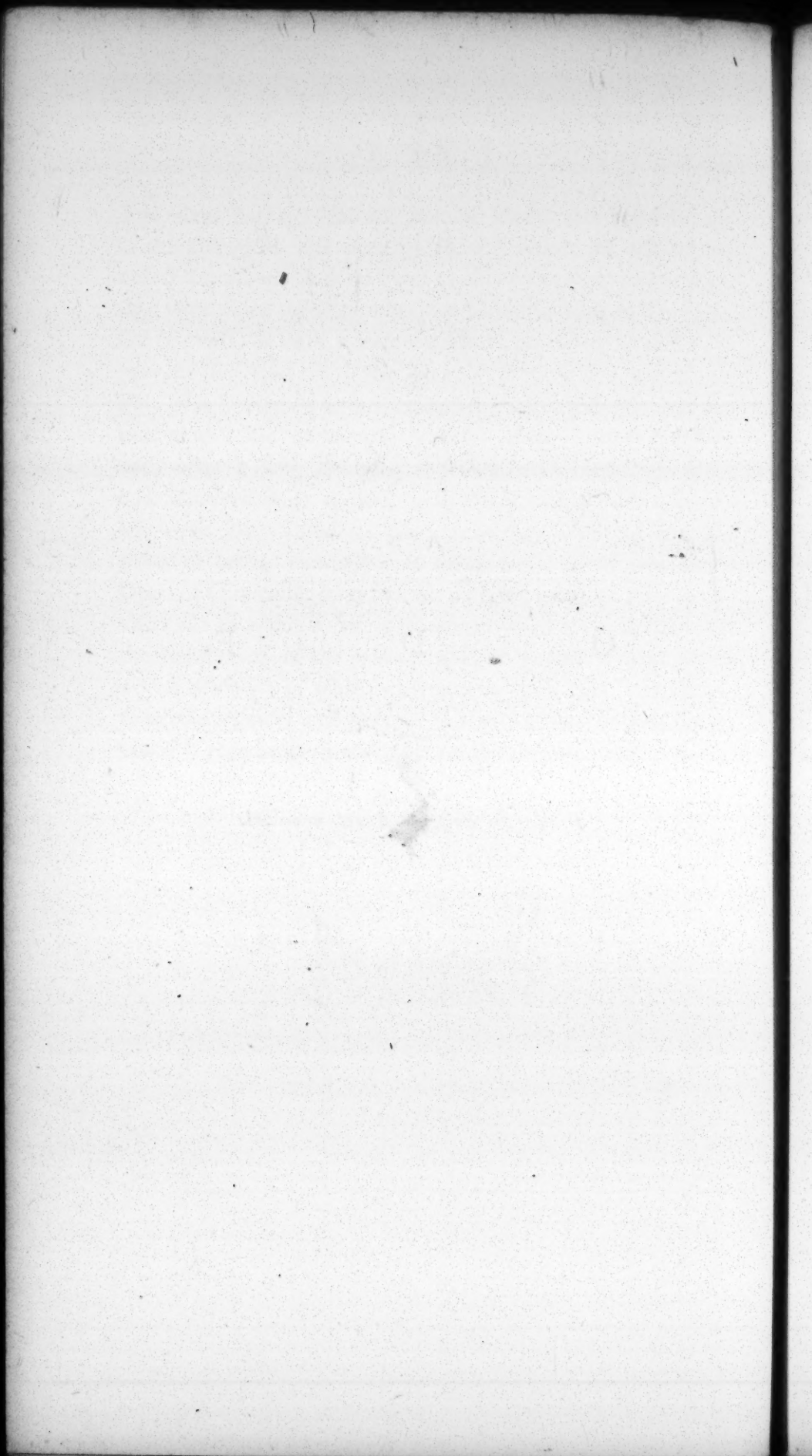
A N

O

D

E.

Pindarum quisquis studet æmulari.



T O

THE EARL OF CARLISLE.

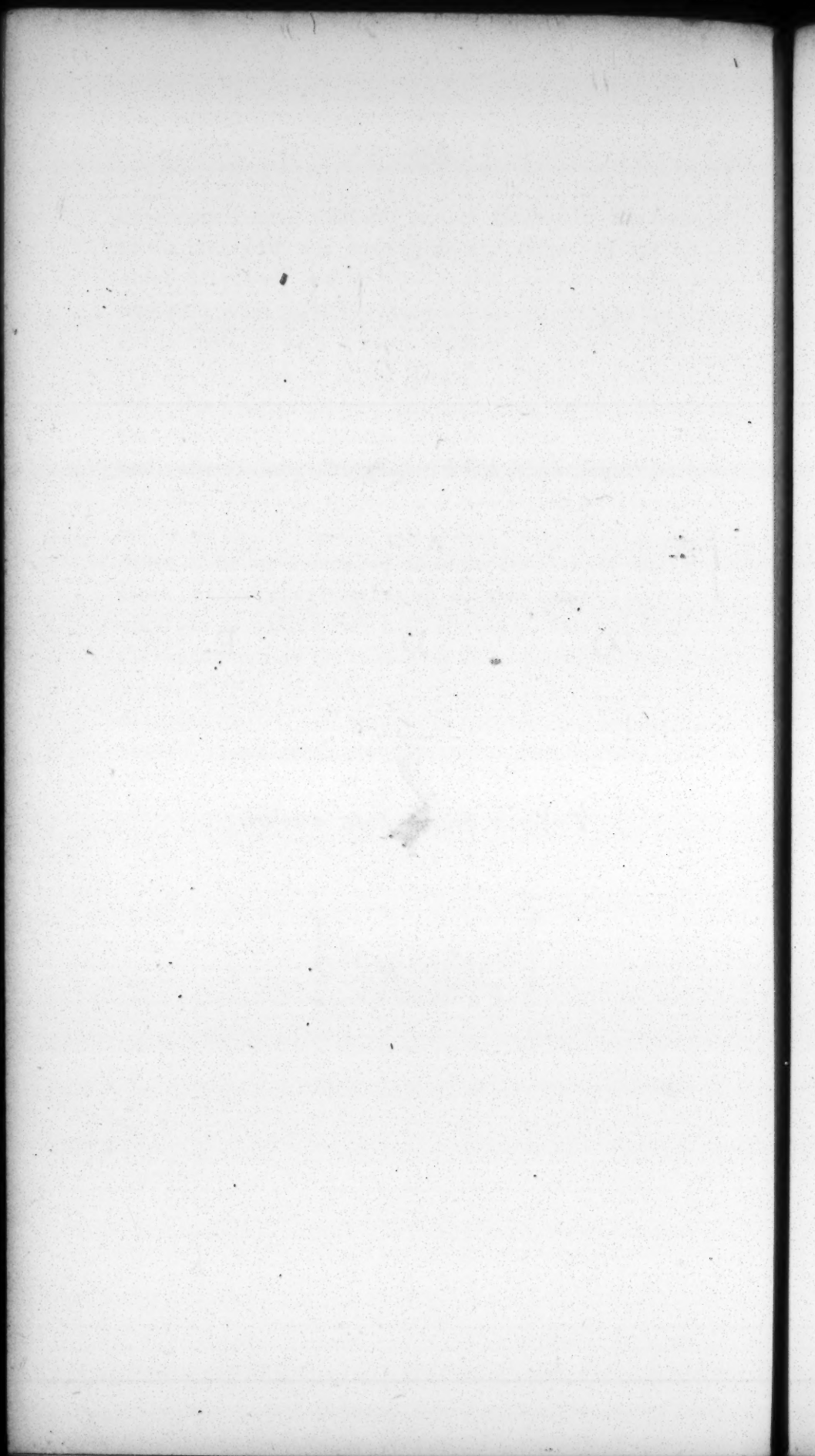
MY LORD,

I BEG leave to present to your lordship, the following Ode ; for at whose shrine can it be offered with more propriety, than at your lordship's, whose taste for poetry, as well as for every other part of polite literature, is so justly and so universally acknowledged ? Your lordship has yourself made no inconsiderable figure in the lyric ; but I will not so much flatter you, even in a Dedication, as to affirm, that you have perfectly succeeded. I allow, that the very few pieces with which you have favoured the public, are as elegant and beautiful as any in our language : I own, that in every one of them there are just conception, lively imagination, correct expression, and clear connection ; but I know your lordship's goodness will pardon me, when I presume to assert, that all these excellencies are utterly repugnant to the

VOL. I.

P

noble



T O

THE EARL OF CARLISLE.

MY LORD,

I BEG leave to present to your lordship, the following Ode ; for at whose shrine can it be offered with more propriety, than at your lordship's, whose taste for poetry, as well as for every other part of polite literature, is so justly and so universally acknowledged ? Your lordship has yourself made no inconsiderable figure in the lyric ; but I will not so much flatter you, even in a Dedication, as to affirm, that you have perfectly succeeded. I allow, that the very few pieces with which you have favoured the public, are as elegant and beautiful as any in our language : I own, that in every one of them there are just conception, lively imagination, correct expression, and clear connection ; but I know your lordship's goodness will pardon me, when I presume to assert, that all these excellencies are utterly repugnant to the

VOL. I.

P

noble

noble frenzy, and sublime obscurity of the Ode; both which are sufficiently visible in this, which I have here the honour to lay before your lordship, and which I take to be a model of perfection: My obligations, perhaps, may make me partial to its merits, as to the publication of it, I am indebted for this opportunity of assuring your lordship that I am,

MY LORD,

Your lordship's most devoted, and

Obedient humble servant,

THE EDITOR.

PREFACE.

P R E F A C E.

THE following Ode was found in the cabinet of a late celebrated writer; and is esteemed, by the best judges, to be the most perfect composition of the kind that is any where to be met with amongst the productions of the numerous lyric poets of modern times.

That learned and judicious critic, Dr. Joseph Trap, in his *Prælectiones Poeticæ*, thus describes the most excellent composers of lyric Poems or Odes.

“ Conceptus omnium ardentissimi; a vulgaribus co-
 “ gitatis remotissimi; methodum fugere videntur;
 “ transitiones affectant, quæ nulla arte fieri viden-
 “ tur, nihilo licet plus artis insit. Sententiarum
 “ nexus & copulas negligere amant; modo abrupto
 “ & improvise poema incipiunt, & finiunt; & fu-
 “ rore quodam usitatis legibus & regulis superiore,
 “ ab hoc ad illud devolant, nulla loquendi formulis
 “ venia vel obtenta prius, aut petita.” Which, for the benefit of ladies and gentlemen, I thus translate:

“ Their conceptions are the most daring and most
 “ remote from all vulgar ideas, or common sense;
 “ they seem to fly from all method; they affect
 “ transitions, which appear to be void of all art,
 “ though in them there is a great deal; they are
 “ fond of neglecting all connections; they begin and
 “ end their poem in a manner abrupt, sudden, and
 “ unexpected; and with a madness superior to all
 “ the laws and rules of writing, dash about from
 “ one thing to another, without obtaining pardon,
 “ or even condescending to ask it.” These rules
 have been observed with great diligence, and some
 success, by most of the writers of modern Odes;
 but have never been adhered to with that happy
 exactness, as in the piece which is now before us. It
 begins in a manner the most abrupt and unexpected,
 and ends as abruptly as it begins. It opens with
 a most sublime speech of a giant, supposed to have run
 mad from some disappointment in ambition or love;
 and this, in conformity to the strictest laws of criti-
 cism, and the example of our most admired writers
 of Odes, is so artificially contrived, that the reader,
 however

however sagacious he may be, cannot possibly discover, before he arrives at the end of the second stanza, whether it is the speech of the giant or the poet, or any speech at all.

The transition from the giant's speech, to that beautiful description of the morning, is truly Pindaric ; the sudden apostrophe to the sun, is perfectly sublime ; and that to the moon no less tender and pathetic : the descriptions of the four seasons are wonderfully picturesque, and are not, as usual, copies drawn from the scenery of Italian groves, and the plains of Arcadia, but true originals, taken on the spot in Old England, and formed of ideas entirely new. And the address to Liberty, which concludes this admirable Ode, is far superior to any thing of that kind, with which we are so frequently entertained by our most admired poets ; as it is more expressive of the true sense and spirit of an Englishman.

Just and lively pictures are the very essence of an Ode, as well as of an Auction-room, whether there are any proper places to hang them in or not ; and such there are in the narrow compass of this little

piece, of every thing that is great and beautiful in nature; of the morning rising from the ocean; of the sun, the moon, and the planetary system; of a giant and a hermit; of woods, rocks, and mountains, and the seasons of the revolving year: and in all these, the images are so entirely new, the transitions so sudden and unexpected, so void of all apparent art, yet not without much of that which is quite invisible; the thoughts are so sublime, so distant from all vulgar ideas, or common sense, that the judicious reader will scarcely find in it a single deviation from the severest laws of just criticism; and if he can peruse this incomparable work without an enthusiastic admiration, he ought to conclude, that whatever delight he may receive from poetry of other kinds, he is one of those unfortunate genius's who have no taste for that most sublime species of it, the Ode.

ODE.

O D E.

I'LL combat Nature, interrupt her course,
 And baffle all her stated laws by force ;
 Tear from its bed the deeply-rooted pine,
 And hurl it up the craggy mountain's side ;
 Divert the tempest from its destin'd line,
 And stem the torrent of th' impetuous tide ;
 Teach the dull ox to dance, the ass to play,
 And even obstinate Americans t' obey.

Like some dread Herald, tygers I'll compel
 In the same field with stags in peace to dwell :
 The rampant lion now erect shall stand,
 Now couchant at my feet shall lie deprest ;
 And if he dares but question my command,
 With one strong blow I'll halve him to a crest.
 Thus spoke the giant Gogmagog : the sound
 Reverberates from all the echoing rocks around.

Now Morning, rob'd in saffron-colour'd gown,
 Her head with pink and pea-green ribbands drest,

Climbs the celestial staircase, and looks down
 From out the gilt balcony of the East ;
 From whence around she sees
 The crystal lakes and tufted trees,
 The lawns all powder'd o'er with straggling flocks,
 The scarce-enlighten'd vales, and high o'er-shadowing
 rocks.

Enamour'd with her newly-dawning charms,
 Old Ocean views her with desiring eyes,
 And longs once more to clasp her in his arms,
 Repenting he had suffer'd her to rise ;
 Forth from his tumbled bed,
 From whence she just had fled,
 To the flow, loitering hours he roars amain,
 To hasten back the lovely fugitive again.

Parent of life ! refulgent lamp of day !
 Without whose genial animating ray
 Men, beasts, the teeming earth, and rolling seas,
 Courts, camps, and mighty cities, in a trice
 Must share one common fate, intensely freeze,
 And all become one solid mass of ice ;

Ambition

Ambition wou'd be froze, and Faction numb,
Speeches congeal'd, and orators be dumb.

Say, what new worlds and systems you survey!
In circling round your planetary way;
What Beings Saturn's orb inhabit, tell,
Where cold in everlasting triumph reigns;
Or what their frames, who unconsum'd can dwell
In Mercury's red-hot and molten plains;
Say! for most ardently I wish to know,
What bodies can endure eternal fire, or snow!

And thou, sweet Moon! canst tell a softer tale;
To thee the maid, thy likeness, fair and pale,
In pensive contemplation oft applies,
When parted from her lov'd and loving swain,
And looks on you with tear-besprinkled eyes,
And sighs and looks, and looks and sighs again;
Say, for thou know'st what constant hearts endure;
And by thy frequent changes teach the cure.

Thy gentle beams the lonely hermit sees,
Gleam thro' the waving branches of the trees,

Which,

Which, high-embow'ring, shade his gloomy cell,
 Where undisturb'd perpetual silence reigns,
 Unless the owl is heard, or distant bell,
 Or the wind whistling o'er the furzy plains.
 How blest to dwell in this sequester'd spot :
 Forgetting parliaments ; by them forgot !

Now lovely Spring her velvet mantle spreads,
 And paints with green and gold the flow'ry meads ;
 Fruit-trees in vast white perriwigs are seen,
 Resembling much some antiquated beau,
 Which north-east winds, that blow so long and keen,
 Powder full oft with gentle flakes of snow ;
 Soft nightingales their tuneful vigils hold,
 And sweetly sing and shake—and shake with cold.

Summer succeeds ; in ev'nings soft and warm,
 Thrice-happy lovers saunter arm in arm ;
 The gay and fair now quit the dusty town,
 O'er turnpike-roads incessant chaises sweep,
 And whirling, bear their lovely ladings down,
 To brace their nerves beneath the briny deep ;

There

There with success each swain his nymph assails,
As birds, they say, are caught—can we but falt their
tails.

Then Autumn, more serene, if not so bright,
Regales at once our palate, and our sight ;
With joy the ruddy orchards we behold,
And of its purple clusters rob the vine ;
The spacious fields are cover'd o'er with gold,
Which the glad farmer counts as ready coin :
But disappointment oft his hopes attends—
In tythes and mildews the rich prospect ends.

Last, Winter comes ; decrepit, old, and dull ;
Yet has his comforts too—his barns are full ;
The social converse, circulating glafs,
And chearful fire, are his : to him belong
Th' enlivening dance that warms the chilly lasfs,
The serious game at whist, and merry song ;
Nor wants he beauties—see the sun-beams glow
O'er lakes of crystal ice, and plains of silver snow !

Thus

Thus roll the seasons o'er Britannia's land,
 But none her freeborn-weather can command ;
 Seasons unlike to those in servile climes,
 Which o'er Hispania's or Italia's plains
 Dispense, at regular and stated times,
 Successive heat and cold, and drought and rains ;
 Her's scorning, like her sons, to be controul'd,
 Breathe heat in winter oft, and oft in summer cold.

Hail, Liberty, fair Goddess of this isle !
 Deign on my verses, and on me, to smile ;
 Like them unfetter'd by the bonds of sense,
 Permit us to enjoy life's transient dream,
 To live, and write, without the least pretence
 To method, order, meaning, plan, or scheme :
 And shield us safe beneath thy guardian wings,
 From Law, Religion, Ministers, and Kings.

W R O T E

WROTE AT THE
 COUNTESS OF SALISBURY'S ASSEMBLY,
 1787.

FROM SALISBURY'S Garter dropp'd, th' historian
 knows,
 Th' illustrious Order so intitled rose !
 Another SALISBURY now our bosoms warms,
 With equal elegance and equal charms.
 Let then her form, her trophies, and her name,
 With justice be consign'd to equal fame ;
 Let Kings with no less pride her Garter wear,
 Then every noble Knight may have a pair.

EPITAPH

E P I T A P H

On Dr. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

HERE lies SAM JOHNSON:—Reader, have a care,
Tread lightly, lest you wake a sleeping Bear :
Religious, moral, generous, and humane
He was ; but self-sufficient, proud, and vain,
Fond of, and overbearing in dispute,
A Christian, and a Scholar—but a Brute.

ON A LATE EXECRABLE ATTEMPT ON
HIS MAJESTY'S LIFE, 1786.

LONG had our gracious GEORGE, with gentle
hand,
And love paternal, Britain's scepter sway'd ;
To render this a free and happy land,
Was all for which he wish'd to be obey'd.

With

With radiance bright, tho' mild, his virtues shone,
 For he of every virtue was possess'd,
 Which can add lustre to a Monarch's throne,
 Or warm an undissembled patriot's breast.

Pattern of female excellence ! his toils
 His Royal Consort ever soothes and shares ;
 Imparting sweet domestic bliss, with smiles
 That can disperse the heaviest cloud of cares.

Tho' Faction, Disappointment's restless child,
 Has sometimes dar'd to interrupt his peace ;
 Yet aw'd at once, and charm'd, whene'er he smil'd,
 She bade disorder and confusion cease.

Lov'd and ador'd by all, to all a friend,
 Caution seem'd needless to protect his life ;
 Till Hell and Madness sent abroad a fiend,
 And arm'd that fiend with a destructive knife.

But Britain's Guardian Angel, who still watch'd,
 To shield her favourite son from every harm,
 Just in th' important moment trembling catch'd,
 And turn'd aside th' assassinating arm.

Let then earth, air, and the high-vaulted sky,
 With praises, pray'rs, and loud thanksgivings ring,
 Joy fire each breast, and sparkle in each eye,
 That Heav'n has thus preserv'd our Country and our
 King.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME,



